Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

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Mr. Howells is dead,—"a man," once said David Munro, "who in conversation appears as the gentlest of spirits, but, directly he takes his pen in hand, becomes the master." It was a true epitome. But this is not the place for amplification. Mr. Howells' identification was with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *for fifty-six years, his first critical essay, on "Recent Italian Comedies," written while he was serving as Consul in Venice, having appeared in that venerable periodical in* 1864. *How many others followed could not easily be ascertained because of the anonymity of contributors in the early days. There were many, however, and they continued intermittently throughout his lifetime Of one number in* 1872, *in the absence of Henry Adams, he was the editor. "Probably," he remarked whimsically not so long ago, "I thought it very good,"—and probably it was, since in all his seventy-three volumes he did nothing ill. It was but natural, in the light of their long and intimate association, that Mr. Howells should have felt, in his own felicitous words, bound to* THE REVIEW, *as assuredly* THE REVIEW *was bound to him, "by a personal tie,"—a blessed circumstance which shall not fail of due recognition in forthcoming numbers of that periodical.* [From *Harvey's Weekly, May* 22, 1920.]

REMINISCENCES OF AN EVENING WITH HOWELLS

A dinner in honor of the seventy-fifth birthday of William Dean Howells was given by Colonel George Harvey at Sherry's, New York, on March 2nd, 1912. A reception was held at half-past six o'clock and more than four hundred men and women prominent in letters congratulated Mr. Howells and wished him many added years. Practically every literary celebrity in the United States was present—never before in America have so many literary people been gathered under one roof; and President Taft came over from Washington to do honor to the venerable author.

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Mr. Howells sat at Colonel Harvey's right hand and President Taft at his left. The dinner was served at fifty small tables. President Taft, Hamilton W. Mabie, Winston Churchill, Basil King, William Allen White, Augustus Thomas, and James Barnes spoke, in addition to the guest of honor and his host.

COLONEL HARVEY'S PREFATORY REMARKS

Colonel Harvey spoke as follows in greeting and introduction:

The first realization that springs from a glance at your birthday party, sir, is that of your own amazing versatility. One needs only to recall the titles of your books to paint the picture. The unique gathering itself, for example, might be designated with exactitude as *A Modern Instance.* You find yourself primarily among *Literary Friends and Acquaintances.* Behold, sir, with gratification and delight the *Heroines of Fiction* and rest assured that not one is *A Counterfeit Presentment.*

The mere presence of so many wives without their husbands and vice versa affords a vivid reminder of *No Love Lost.* Before the evening closes it is quite within the range of possibility that we shall hear *Stories of Ohio.* For myself I freely admit that I am assuming *A Fearful Responsibility* and I plead for the full exercise of *The Quality of Mercy.* You yourself will be confronted presently by *An Imperative Duty,* while on your right, if you but turn your head, you will perceive *A Little Girl Among the Masters* —between two of them, if I may be permitted to say as much. And so we might continue almost indefinitely, even, I dare say, to the point of finding somewhere in the room *A Pair of Patient Lovers.*

No less varied than your literary product has been your work, and here again you breathe an atmosphere of congeniality. You have edited newspapers. Our most famous journalists are here. You have published a book or two. Behold, sir, our greatest publishers. You have set type. In that by-gone occupation I claim companionship before the time when inventive ingenuity transformed an art into a sciniality. You have edited newspapers. Our most famous jourist, a poet, and a dramatist shall address you.

But, sir, never forget that you began your splendid career as a native of Ohio. As such it was inevitable that public

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office should not only pursue, but overtake you, as in truth it did, to the joy of mankind, since it landed you in your beloved Venice. As a statesman, then, a statesman from Ohio, if you please, you naturally crave the delight of sympathetic comradeship upon an occasion such as this. That void, sir, shall be filled to overflowing. Indeed, I may be so bold as to declare unhesitatingly that he who links arms with you tonight as a public servant is not only a native of Ohio, but is, with one exception, the most distinguished native of Ohio now living.

The delegates who framed the Federal Constitution decreed at first as follows:

> The executive power of the United States shall be vested in a single person. His style shall be "President of the United States" and his title shall be "His Excellency."

Subsequently they dropped the "title," but they kept the "style." Hence the word "stylish," meaning handsome in person and gracious in demeanor. Yet another cognomen was proposed and, indeed, is frequently used to this very day. That is "Chief Magistrate." It is an appellation which personally I have always liked and which I should surely elect as peculiarly fitting in this particular instance. What are the attributes of a great Chief Magistrate? Pliny, Plutarch, Aristotle, Montaigne—all agree. He must be a wise man; he must be a brave man; he must be a kindly man; he must be a patient man; above all, he must be a just man. Such an one, sir, it is the exceptional blessing of our beloved country now to possess—the embodiment, in truth, of sagacity, of moral courage, of benignity, of leniency, of justice.

There is yet another attribute held in high esteem by the philosopher who guided the Medicis. "The good and wise prince," he writes, "should be a lover and protector of men of letters." That sentiment surely we can all indorse. It completes the list of essential qualities. By his presence tonight, sir, our Chief Magistrate is proved in the last analysis as one who keeps the faith.

But obedience to the letter, no less than to the spirit of our fundamental law, requires recognition of the "style" designated by the Constitution. And, much as we may prefer the other, truly it is not so bad.

I have the honor, sir and ladies and gentlemen, to present the President of the United States.

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PRESIDENT TAFT'S SPEECH

President Taft spoke as follows:

I have traveled from Washington here to do honor to the greatest living American writer and novelist. I have done this because of the personal debt I feel for the pleasure he has given me in what he has written, in the pictures of American life and society and character he has painted, and with which I have had sufficient familiarity to know the truth and delicacy of his touch. Neither the rhythm, nor the emphasis, nor the shading of his meaning has robbed his style of the lucidity and clearness that delight a common mind like mine, and his delightful and kindly humor that leaves a flower in one's memory has created a feeling of affection for the author that prompts an expression like this.

Easily at the head of the living literary men of the nation, Mr. Howells is entitled, on the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, to this tribute of respect.

Like Shakespeare, like Burns, like Lincoln, Mr. Howells is not a university man, but he began his literary education on a country newspaper at a time of life when others begin to prepare for an academic training, and he has continued that education to this present period of youthful old age.

I perhaps may say outside of the record that on the occasion of my graduation from Yale in 1881 Mr. Howells received the honorary degree of doctor of laws. I was very nervous as I went up to receive my degree, and Mr. Howells spoke some comforting words to me. That was more than thirty years ago, but compliments don't wear out.

Born in Ohio, in a " Boy's Town " on the beautiful river, he formed what was there an unusual ambition to succeed as a man of letters, and he began at the very bottom rung of the ladder by learning to set type. By his *Campaign Life of Lincoln* he earned enough to enable him to take that charming wedding journey in which those of us that love old Quebec and the lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay often have followed him; and then, with the additional compensation for his political work, he became consul in Venice in the four years of Mr. Lincoln's term. What business there was of a consular character between the United States and the old mistress of the Adriatic he doubtless properly performed, but *The Venetian Life* which grew in that soil of

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patronage was a beautiful flower which makes us patient with the system that contributed much to the literary preparation of men like Hawthorne and Howells.

Mr. Howells is not a writer whose periods of inspiration are fitful and occasional, but he has educated and prepared himself to do literary work, as men work in other professions, making his mind and imagination respond to the regular demand of duty. On the other hand, unlike Trollope, who worked like a machine, finishing so many pages a day and showing in his work the evidences of haste and mechanical striving, all that has come from Mr. Howells' pen is beautifully wrought out, with no suggestion of hurry or the oil of the machine.

Mr. Howells, in his long and useful life, has been content to live in literature. He has attempted to play a part in no other sphere. By taste, by ability, by imagination, by the genius of taking pains, he finds himself now five years beyond the age of the psalmist, representing the best and highest of American literature. Everything that he has written sustains the highest standard of social purity, and aspiration, of refinement and morality, and of wholesome ideals, and he has added to American literature a treasure of literary excellence the enjoyment of which will make coming generations grateful.

COLONEL HARVEY'S INTRODUCTION OF MR. HOWELLS

Yesterday an unprecedented tribute was paid to our guest. By request of the Superintendent of Libraries, Mr. Howells wrote a letter which was read in all the public schools. His closing words were these:

> While I would wish you to love America most because it is your home, I would have you love the whole world and think of all the people in it as your countrymen. You will hear people more foolish than wicked say, "Our country, right or wrong," but that is a false patriotism and bad Americanism. When our country is wrong she is worse than other countries when they are wrong, for she has more light than other countries, and we ought somehow to make her feel that we are sorry and ashamed for her.

"In that letter," writes the discerning editor of the *Springfield Republican,* who, happily, is here tonight, "we have revealed one who always and first loves his fellowmen." I could not hope in reason to improve upon that phrase as an introduction. Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Howells.

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MR. HOWELLS' SPEECH

Mr. Howells said:

Some fifty-two years ago, come next summer, I sat with the great Hawthorne on the hill behind his house in Concord and heard him say several memorable things. The most memorable of these things was to the effect that there was nothing like recognition to make a man modest. At the time I supposed he was speaking of one of his neighbors, perhaps Thoreau, perhaps Alcott, who had not had recognition enough to make him modest. It has since occurred to me that he had the actual occasion in mind and was with a subtle prescience insinuating the kindly hope that I might profit by the insurpassable inducement to shrink into the background which has been given me here tonight. This, in fact, is what I propose to do when I have made you believe that I really mean it in putting away the crowns you have offered me on this little Lupercal of mine. I can do this the more easily when I remember that the occasion was no more the effect of my wishing than of my deserving, but was created solely by that genius for hospitality in our host which bends all wills to it when it frees itself in the motion of a seventy-fifth birthday dinner or the like. I can do it still more easily, if possible, when I recall myself to consciousness of the fact that whatever has brought you here, you are glad and proud to be here supremely because the occasion is honored by the nation in the presence of the man who honors the high office of Washington and Lincoln.

If you ask me for some conjecture of mine as to why our host or his chief guest should have united in this occasion so apparently, so evidently inadequate, I will urge in their defense that I do not come seventy-five years of age every day, and that if I should prove altogether unworthy of their kindness the occasion will not repeat itself though I should live to be a hundred. Except as a condition of being still alive, I would not have chosen to have a seventy-fifth birthday. It is something that both precept and practice would have forbidden me. I have never had a seventy-fifth birthday before in my life and I am keenly aware that in now venturing upon one I am transcending the psalmist's limit of threescore years and ten. Yet, with all this, I will not deny that there is some merit in having lived seventy-five years, in having outrun the psalmist with his hampering

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limit, though there is not so much merit as the man who has done it is apt to think. The very experience of life which has enlightened him on most points rather darkens him on this one and he has come to believe that somehow he has done the things he has witnessed, or, if he has not done them, that they have been done because of him. I should like you to keep this amiable peculiarity of our race in view when I say what great things of our literature I have personally known and what great things I hope of it.

As I understand, there are only two or three men here who are seventy-five years old, and not one woman, not a single one. You cannot, therefore, you unfavored juniors, impute to yourselves the merit of the great things done in American literature during the last three-quarters of a century as one can, however unwillingly, who has lived through that space of time; but I hope that the very youngest of you will listen tolerantly if I praise the things of the past as if they were my own. Yet I would not wish to praise the past at the cost of the future or the present, for I could not sincerely do that. It is no great virtue to believe; we have found that out as to many things; but neither is it great wisdom to deny; science itself has proved that about some things. Yet belief is a great comfort; sometimes it is the only comfort we have. If we cannot always show our faith by our works we can always, I think, if our eyes are willing, find works of others to show our faith by. There has been no hour of our literary past, as I have lived it, when I had the least fear for our literary future; not even when the good fight for reality in literary art which I believed myself fighting seemed to be a losing fight did I bate my hope for the time to come or for the time that then was.

To the backward glance the light of the past seems one great glow, but it is in fact a group of stellar fires; fixed stars not unaccompanied by wandering comets, not without the gaiety of aimless meteors. Perhaps, it is as some incandescent mass that the future will behold this present when it has become the past, and we who sit here tonight shall appear one great glow without distinction of age or sex or any qualitative difference in our several glory. But we who sit here tonight are keenly aware of distinction and of differences. Such of us as are the fixed stars know very well which are the wandering comets and which are aimless meteors kindly only in their passage through our atmos-

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phere. It has been so in every period; and if I say that I knew at first hand the luminaries of a by-gone period it is not merely to attribute their greatness to my acquaintance with them, but it is also to affirm their essential consciousness of difference from one another. They differed as the stars differ in glory and always will, though the stars may not know it as these great men did. The list of them is very long, and I may say that if I missed the personal acquaintance of Cooper and Irving and Poe and Prescott I was personally acquainted with all the others in whom the story of American literature sums itself. I knew Hawthorne and Emerson and Walt Whitman; I knew Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier and Lowell; I knew Bryant and Bancroft and Motley; I knew Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe; I knew Artemus Ward and Stockton and Mark Twain; I knew Parkman and Fiske. Names refulgent still, however the fire, never to be returned, seems beginning to die out of some of them; names such as we have hardly the like of.

Hardly the like of? I say this, but I say it askingly and at the worst wistfully in fear of your response to a question which I should myself answer courageously rather than categorically. I should not want to be damped by your doubt or to have my ever-youthful faith dashed by your experience, and so before you can get in a word I make haste to declare; yes, we have many like them, but of no more identity with them than they felt with one another. As far as they were truly great they must have perceived that they were not so great as they had grown to seem and each must have perceived even more clearly that the others were not so great. But it is not this point that I care to insist upon, it is another; it is that difference in the present from the past which I think is inevitable from what seems the new conditioning of our lives. All of human life has turned more and more to the light of democracy, the light of equality, if you please. Literature, which was once of the cloister, the school, has become more and more of the forum and incidentally of the market-place. But it is actuated now by as high and noble motives as ever it was in the history of the world; and I think that in turning from the vain endeavor of creating beauty and devoting itself to the effort of ascertaining life it is actuated by a clearer motive than before. If we have no single name so sovereign as these

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names I have cited, we have many talents which do things impossible to the geniuses who were these names on earth. Let us love them, let us honor them; we cannot worship them too much, but let us remember their limitations and consider the potentiality of the artists who now are and are to be. Let us recognize the fact that in the present vast output of literature the pure gold is not less in quantity because the mass of dirt and dross is so immeasurably greater than in the days of another sort of mining. I myself believe there is gold greater in quantity and that possibly in a critical analysis the report of the assayer will declare as high a percentage of the genuine metal. I am not dismayed by the numbers who have taken to literature in these days and found a living in it. At first it seems a little odd, a little droll to have a publisher announce a novel as "by a new writer"; but when there are so many new readers, why should not the new writers have their innings? The old ones have had theirs and even the old readers do not want them always. Ought not we old writers, who are confronting a new life elsewhere at such close range, try to be in love with the new literature here? I myself am going to cultivate an affection for it from this on.

The great men I have named could not do just the fine things, the brave things, the true things that are done now by the men I will not name lest I miss some in the long count. In my time I have seen a whole literature grow up and flourish into national proportions. Nearly all the writers I have been naming were New Englanders, but now our writers are of every sectional origin and constitute an American authorship. They are of the West and the South, as well as of the North and East, and more and more their work tastes of the soil that mothered them. Once we had a New England literature, now we have an American literature, and Indianapolis is, as Boston was, a city in which books are held dear and the art of them is prized above any other. The poets, the best of them, are of or from the West; our best historian is a Western man; our students of the human mind in the past and the human soul in the present—a very stellar group—are of the East; but our novelists and our novelettists are from every part of the country; and each is devoted wittingly or unwittingly to the representation of the America that he knows best because he has lived it most.

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A literature as authentic and distinctive as our journalism has grown up in the years since the Civil War; my years, which must seem almost antediluvian to some of you here, and with this literature as truly as with our commerce and our finance the American consciousness has increased. We makers of that literature may not always realize it and the readers of that literature very seldom knew it, but the fact remains; and its genius may be intelligibly traced for, I think. We began our national career by having no literature of our own; our reading, except in the very noble political writing of the fathers, came from England; and then, as the rift between the two countries deepened and widened, it began to come from the European continent. When I commenced author it was yet coming very little from that continent. We still prayed at the old shrines; and our knees knocked together at the names of the awful gods of English criticism who scarcely even deigned an open contempt for our poor little offerings. Gradually the light which showed us the way dawned upon us and it dawned from the countenance of that most generous of the nations, from France, from the face of her who befriended us in our struggle to be an independent people; from France whose schools no less of literature than of art and science are freely open to any in the whole world who will learn. Some of you may not know this, but I know it, for I am of the generation that lived it and I would fain help to have it remembered that it was with the French masters, the continental masters, we studied to imitate nature, and gave American fiction the bent which it still keeps wherever it is vital. You may not know it, or, if you know it, you may not own it, but this is the fact, and though a flood of unreality followed us and swept us under, when that deluge went down there all over the land, the seed that we had planted, behold! it had sprouted and stood—

Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

I would have you all, whatever esthetic thinking or feeling in art you are of, look about you and see whether every plant now bearing good and nourishing fruit is not of that growth.

There are many kinds of art, but there is only one best kind; and while every one ought to be freely suffered and cordially welcomed to do the thing he most likes to do, none of us should forget that there is only one best thing. Look about you, I say, not only in America, but in England,

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and you will see that what I say is true, for the English, too, have come to the right faith in their latest and greatest work. But we came to this faith first because we had opener minds than the English and because we brought a willingness to learn of those masters who could teach, because we also were somehow instinctively continental. Since then a world of continental art has offered itself to us. Masterpieces have come to us from everywhere—from Norway, from Russia, from Poland, from Spain, from Italy, from Portugal—and I know no higher joy than to recognize that our best work is a response in form and spirit to that best kind which these masterpieces exemplify. Our fiction so far as it really exists is of the European and not the English make and the newer English fiction, so far as it really exists, is not of the English, but of the European make, the American make.

If I come now to speak of poetry, I own there are no sources so sweet and pure as the English sources. But I do not willingly yield the primacy in poetry to the English poets contemporary with the American poets I know. Longfellow and Bryant and Emerson and Whittier and Lowell and Holmes—

> Touched the tender stops of various quills

to as beautiful effect of truth as the English poets of their time and, perhaps, in even wider range. But they belonged to an idealistic period when men dreamed of human perfectibility through one mighty reform. Their dream was that if the slaves were freed there could hardly be sorrow on the earth which our good-will could not easily assuage. Now long ago the slaves were freed, but through the rift of the poet's broken dream the faces of underwaged women and overworked children stare at us; and it does not seem as if it were a sufficient change that now those faces are white and not black. Has the real frightened the ideal from us? Is poetry so essentially of the ideal that it must go into exile with it? Or is it that our poetry is not equal to the claim which humanity has upon America beyond all other lands and shrinks from a duty which should be her solemn joy? They who dreamed that beautiful dream in other days were each at some moment realists in their lives as they were idealists in their art. Each according to his gift laid his offering on the altar of freedom; but has each of our later poets, according to his gift, laid his offering on the altar of jus-

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tice? For equality, which is justice writ large, is now the hope of humanity and its service is the condition which has effected itself even in the mystical sources where the inspirations of art have their rise. Yet I am ready, almost ready, to say that as much good poetry is written in this time as in the time that is past; but it is not the poetry of the few, it is the poetry of the many. We no longer have supremacies, we no longer have primacies; the gods, the half-gods, the heroes are gone, I hope not to return; and it is the high average which reigns in this as in all American things. Amidst the misgivings of our excellence in poetry we may console ourselves with the fact that the average in it is higher than ever before.

This I truly believe, though I could not allege the proofs as easily as I could allege these of our national advance in the art of the stage. Not less wonderful to me than the growth of the American novel in the fifty years which have now passed like a vision of the night is the growth of the American play. Scarcely less astonishing is that mood of ours, for it is only a mood, to which this fact is not apparent. I had greatly admired the modern English drama with hardly a question of superiority to ours, but last summer, when I was expressing my high sense of it to an Englishman in London, he said: "Yes, but you know you are doing much better things at home," and though he gave me no instance he set me thinking, and I thought I perceived that in their very difference from the English things which I had so admired there was that which at least equaled our things with theirs. I thought I saw that while the English dramatists painted manners so wonderfully well, ours painted nature, our every-day American nature, which at the bottom of its heart is always human nature. If they did not paint manners so well it was perhaps because we had none to paint, or perhaps because our customs, which we make do for manners, change so rapidly from day to day, from Boston to Pittsburg, from tomorrow to the day after, and from Pittsburg to Oklahoma, that the kinetograph alone can catch them. Besides, our drama is still very new. Before the great Civil War which fertilized the fields of thought among us, as well as the fields of battle with the blood of its sacrifice, we had no drama which was essentially American except the wretched stage travesty of that most essentially American novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But now already

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we have a drama which has touched our life at many characteristic points, which has dealt with our moral and material problems and penetrated the psychological regions which it seemed impossible an art so objective should reach. Mainly it has been gay as our prevalent mood is; mainly it has been honest as our habit is in cases where we believe we can afford it; mainly it has been decent and clean and sweet as our average life is; and now that Ibsen no longer writes new plays, I would rather take my chance of pleasure and profit with a new American play than with any other sort of new play. We are still waiting our Shakespeare, but we can very well wait patiently for him; perhaps one Shakespeare is enough for all time; and in the meanwhile we may console ourselves in the drama as in poetry with that high or higher average which is the distinctive American thing.

It is this which most consoles me for our bereavement in a region where it seems irreparable. In that American humor which within the half-century of my observation developed itself in such proportion as almost to dwarf any other growth of our air, there was one humorist who when he died might well have given us the sense of Shakesperian loss, though we were not yet aware of a Shakesperian gain. But the soul of Mark Twain which divined and uttered the inmost and most American mood has passed again so lastingly into the American consciousness that it will remain the inspiration of that high or higher average in humor which once again is the distinctively American thing. It will take many forms and offer many aspects to our glad recognition. But hereafter that high or higher average of our humor must always be generous and magnanimous; in its broadest clowning, its wildest grotesquery, it can never forget to be kind, to be more than kind to the whole world that the touch of nature makes kin, but especially kind to those that the world and the world's law seem to have kept strangers to the rest of the family.

If I had been witness to no other surpassing things of American growth in my fifty years of observation, I should think it glory enough to have lived in the same time and in the same land with the man whose name must always embody American humor to human remembrance. What has been my own influence on that time in that land I should like so much to say, so much to say! But the theme is too

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vast, if not for my powers, then for your patience. Regretfully, very sorrowfully, I turn from the alluring opportunity. I shall never be just seventy-five years old again, and the ripe occasion must go rot in these bins of oblivion where so much fruit has failed of even the sad immortality of cold storage. Yet, in the midst of my self-denial, in my poignant regret for having said so little about myself in my survey of things, "all which I was and part of which I saw," if I may so construe the Latin, I am very truly grateful for all the kind things you are going to say of me. I must spend the rest of my days trying to puzzle out the reason of them, unless I lay it at once to your compassion for a man who is seventy-five years old and still lives. But in venturing to live on I have the hope of returning those things in kind, for I understand that it is the purpose of our host to give you each a birthday dinner as fast as you become seventy-five years old, and that his most honored guest, still typifying the nation at its best, will come to them all.

MR. HOWELLS' CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "REVIEW"

1864	October	Recent Italian Comedy.
1865	July	Brigandage.
1866	January	Ducal Mantua.
	October	Modern Italian Poets—I.
1867	April	Modern Italian Poets—II.
	"	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
1868	January	Francesco Dall Ongaro's *Stornelli.*
	July	George William Curtis.
1869	January	Frambi's Free Press and Duelling in Italy.
1872	July	The Florentine Satirist, Ginsti.
	October	Niccolini's Anti-Papal Tragedy.
1888	January	Anglo-American Copyright—Symposium by Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Julian Hawthorne, W. D. Howells, George Parsons Lathrop, John Bigelow, C. E. Norton, Daniel C. Gilman, John G. Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Eggleston, Richard Watson Gilder, Robert Ellis Thompson, Lloyd Bryce, Moncure D. Conway, R. Pearsall Smith.
1894	February	Are We a Plutocracy?
1899	May	The New Poetry.
1900	December	The New Historical Romances.
1901	January	A Hundred Years of American Verse.
	February	Mark Twain: An Inquiry.
	March	The Recent Dramatic Season.

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1901	April	Professor Barrett Wendell's Notions of American Literature.
	May	The New Poetic Drama.
	June	An Earlier American.
	July	A Possible Difference in English and American Fiction.
	August	An Exemplary Citizen.
	September	Some Anomalies of the Short Story.
	October	An Italian View of Humor—I.
	November	An Italian View of Humor—II.
	December	A Psychological Counter-Current in Recent Fiction.
1902	January	Some New Volumes of Verse.
	September	Will the Novel Disappear? A Symposium by James Lane Allen, W. D. Howells, Hamlin Garland, H. W. Mabie, John Kendrick Bangs.
	November	Emile Zola.
	December	Frank Norris.
1903	January	Mr. Henry James' Later Work.
	May	Certain of the Chicago School of Fiction.
	December	The Personality of Hawthorne.
1904	January to August	The Son of Royal Langbrith.
	December	English Feeling Toward Americans.
1905	September	John Hay in Literature.
	November	English Idiosyncrasies—I.
	December	English Idiosyncrasies—II.
1906	July	Henrik Ibsen.
	September 7	Hutton's "Brief Literary Criticism."
	October 5	Oxford.
	October 19	H. G. Wells's "Kipps."
	December 21	The Fiction of John Oliver Hobbes.
1907	March 1	The Art of Longfellow.
	May 3	A Great New York Journalist.
	June 21	The Fiction of Leonard Merrick.
	October	On Reading the Plays of Henry Arthur Jones.
1908	January	The Poetry of Madison Cawein.
	June	The Justice of a Friend.
	August	Some Unpalatable Suggestions.
	December	Lyof N. Tolstoy.
1909	June	Robert Herrick's Novels.
	July	The Fiction of Eden Phillpotts.
1910	January	Mr. Pett Ridge's Clever Books.
	February	Professor Cross's Life of Sterne.
	March	Mr. Harben's Georgia Fiction.
	May	Some New Volumes of Verse.
	July	A Political Novelist and More.
1911	January	John Brown After Fifty Years.
	June	Some Last Drops in Tunbridge Wells.
	August	The Human Interest of Buxton.

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1911	October	The City of the Royal Pavilion.
	December	The Waters of Blackpool.
1912	January	Experiences of a True Baconian in Shakespeare's Town.
	April	Literary Recollections: Symposium by W. D. Howells and Henry James.
	May	A Pair of Pageants.
	July	Recent Russian Fiction (W. D. H. and T. S. P.).
	October	Mr. Garland's Books.
	November	Phases of Madrid.
1913	April	To and in Granada.
	November	The High-Minded Public Man.
	December	Charles Eliot Norton: A Reminiscence.
1914	October	The Angelic Censorship.
	December	A Number of Interesting Novels.
1915	January	History of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—"Part of Which I Was."
	March	The Plays of Eugene Brieux.
	May	Why?
1916	November	The Passengers of a Retarded Submersible.
	December	A Conjecture of Intensive Fiction.

The number of the "Review" edited by Mr. Howells was the issue of October, 1872, and the following is its Table of Contents, which amply justifies Mr. Howells' whimsical statement, "Probably I thought it good."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

October, 1872

Harder—II. Concluding part of Article.....KARL HILLEBRAND
The Germanic World of Gods.....KARL BLIND
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American Novels.....T. S. PERRY
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Critical Notices.

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AN APPRECIATION

BY

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"Ah, poor Real Life, which I love, can I make others see the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?"

THE literary career of Mr. Howells covered exactly sixty years, his first book appearing in 1860. His published works number more than one hundred; they form a complete library. They include novels, poems, plays, literary essays, short stories, sketches of travel, autobiography and spiritual confessions. I do not find a badly written page. Despite the enormous quantity of his production, his composition shows no evidence of haste. He seemed to write evenly and tranquilly, with a style accurately fitted to the subject. His friend Henry James, whose every word was an awarded prize out of a host of competitors, never ceased to wonder at the excellent quality of this inexhaustible flow.

I should think it would make you as happy as poor happiness will let us be, to turn off from one year to the other, and from a reservoir in daily, domestic use, such a free, full, rich flood. In fact your reservoir deluges me, altogether, with surprise as well as other sorts of effusion; by which I mean that though you do much to empty it you keep it remarkably full. I seem to myself, in comparison, to fill mine with a teaspoon and obtain but a trickle. However, I don't mean to compare myself with you or to compare you, in the particular case, with anything but life. When I do that—with the life you see and represent—your faculty for representing it seems to me extraordinary —and to shave the truth—the general truth you aim at—several degrees closer than anyone else begins to do. You are less *big* than Zola, but you are ever so much less clumsy and more really various, and moreover you and he don't see the same things—you have a wholly different consciousness—*you* see a wholly different side of a different race. Man isn't at all *one,* after all—it takes so much of him to be American, to be French, etc. I won't even compare you with something I have a sort of dim stupid sense you might be and are not —for I don't in the least know that you might be it, after all, or whether, if you were, you wouldn't cease to be that something you are

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which makes me write to you thus. We don't know what people might give us that they don't—the only thing is to take them on what they do and to allow them absolutely and utterly their conditions. . . . the fact that there's a whole quarter of the heaven upon which, in the matter of composition, you seem consciously—*is* it consciously?—to have turned your back; but these things have no relevancy whatever as grounds of dislike—simply because you communicate so completely *what* you undertake to communicate. The novelist is a particular *window,* absolutely—and of worth in so far as he is one; and it's because you open so well and are hung so close over the street that I could hang out of it all day long.

The precise aim of Mr. Howells and its happy success have perhaps never been better stated than in this informal letter from his rival. He chose to portray real life as he knew it through long observation and experience. He was a Realist by instinct and by training. He was so kindly that no one thinks of him as a good hater; but he had, after all, an average human capacity for hatred, and the two things in the world he hated most were falsehood and affectation. It is curious to see how the instinctive honesty of the man affected his own creative fiction and limited his sympathies as a critic. In him we find something by no means universal—a complete union of the moral character with the artistic temperament. He disliked any person or any book that did not ring true; he hated snobs and snobbery because they illustrated the vice of affectation, and in talking about such things he was as violent as he knew how to be.

It was, I think, merely his love of truth that made him write stories where every page could be verified, and made him unsympathetic to books of romance. He was right in despising many of the pseudo-historical romances with which America was flooded during the last decade of the last century; he lumped all these together as "romantic rot," and I have seen him laugh till the tears came while quoting specimens of their anachronistic oaths and impossible jargon. When I called his attention to their chronically gymnastic heroines who were always drawing themselves up to their full height, I feared for his health.

Those were bad days for the root and branch realists, because, owing to the influence of Stevenson and the natural reaction against the excesses of realism, the public had gone mad over romance. It is interesting to look back and see how that outbreak in the 'nineties affected our Great Three

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—Howells, Henry James, and Mark Twain. No really important novel came from the first, though he resolutely refused to change his style; Henry James spent six valuable years in a futile endeavor to write a successful play, and then, in 1898, he wrote the best ghost story I know, *The Turn of the Screw*; Mark Twain launched a romantic dreadnought called *Joan of Arc*.

It is fortunate for Americans that our great novelists—Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Henry James, and Howells—all wrote guide-books to the European scene. For a summer tour on the Continent, or for a prolonged sojourn, no better travelling companions can be found than these four. I do not think that anyone has ever written a more vivid description of the beautiful tower in Siena than Mr. Howells:

> It was in the clearness that follows the twilight when, after the sudden descent of a vaulted passage, I stood in the piazza and saw the Tower of the Mangia leap like a rocket into the starlit air. After all, that does not say it: you must suppose a perfect silence, through which this exquisite shaft forever soars. When once you have seen the Mangia, all other towers, obelisks, and columns are tame and vulgar and earth-rooted; *that* seems to quit the ground, to be not a monument but a flight. The crescent of the young moon . . . looked sparely over the battlements of the Palazzo Communale, from which the tower sprang, upon the fronts of the beautiful old palaces . . . and touched with silver the waters of the loveliest fountain in the world.

The four pillars on which our novelist's fame securely rests are *A Modern Instance, The Rise of Silas Lapham, Indian Summer,* and *The Kentons*. Contrary to the general opinion, I rank the first above the second. I once asked him which of all his stories he liked the best, and he replied with an interrogation point. I therefore named *A Modern Instance*. He reflected for a moment and then said with deliberation, "That is undoubtedly my strongest work; but of all the books I have ever written, I most enjoyed writing *Indian Summer,* which is perhaps my favorite." I should not like to say that Mr. Howells was a greater novelist than George Eliot; but the same melancholy theme—slow, moral decay—is surely more convincingly treated in *A Modern Instance* than in *Romola*. Furthermore, the passion of jealousy—so often farcically presented on the stage—is here analysed more acutely and more profoundly than anywhere else in modern fiction.

The Rise of Silas Lapham is an excellent illustration of Henry James's metaphor—the novelist's window opened on an American street. Page after page gives us the pleasure

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of recognition; we know that these things are true. *Indian Summer* takes us to the most charming city in Europe, Florence, where, in a frame of extraordinary beauty, the portrait is astonishingly real. No wonder he felt the ultimate happiness of an artist in writing that book; the ardent glow of composition illuminates and warms the reader's mind. *The Kentons* is a child of the novelist's old age. American family life is presented with insight, sympathy, and tenderness. The small boy, Boyne, who, in most novels, would have been an ubiquitous nuisance, is irresistible. Boyne "was a mass of helpless sweetness though he did not know it." His delightful pose of aloof haughtiness is thus described by his creator: "He thought he was an iceberg when he was merely an ice cream of heroic mould."

But the man was greater than anything he wrote. He was an American, and had an American career, rising by his own efforts from obscurity to absolute primacy. Those few who attacked his art drew universal attention to their own littleness; no one attacked his personality. He showed that it was possible to combine the utmost refinement and delicacy with the most rugged manliness. Men so totally different as Mark Twain and Henry James loved him with no reservations, and had a respect for his mind and character that came near to reverence. His blood was untainted by conceit or selfishness. He was both virile and modest, a true democrat. Working daily at his chosen task, he found time for acts of kindness and generosity that will be gratefully remembered by men and women in every corner of America.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

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MAGAZINE INSANITY

By JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D.

FOR one who has devoted a considerable portion of his life to a study of the human mind in dissolution there are few things more diverting than popular disquisitions on the subject of insanity. If their comments and interpretations of other subjects—world politics, for instance—are as apropos and penetrating as they are on mental disorder, the less their readers are guided by them the more instructive they may expect to be.

I have recently read in an important magazine an article entitled " Up from Insanity " which has all the qualities that a contribution intended to be instructive and helpful should not have. It reeks with misinformation, not only misstatement of facts, but unwarranted inferences and unjustifiable and illogical conclusions.

The Editor of that distinguished and dignified periodical says: " It is a revealing narrative, genuine down to the latest detail." It reveals the writer's incapacity to grasp the fundamental principles of psychology established experimentally and empirically and which have taken their place amongst the eternal truths of the world, and it reveals that the writer, whether because of his previous mental disorder, or wilfully, is quite ignorant of what has been accomplished by countless students and innumerable workers in the field of psychiatry by way of throwing some light upon the mysteries of the normal and abnormal mind.

" I am almost a pioneer in the field of written experience of insanity," he writes; and yet Mr. Clifford Beers' books, *The Mind that Found Itself* and *The Autobiography of a Paranoic,* two comparatively recent works that are most illuminating and have had a great effect in concentrating the attention of the public on insanity as a social problem, must have been known to him.

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"It is a privilege conferred upon few men in the world to return from the dark and weird adventure [meaning insanity] to live a normal life." Considering that upward of one-third of all insane individuals recover, there is no other interpretation to be put upon this statement than that the writer of it does not know whereof he speaks.

"A friend of mine lost his mind from thinking too much about his income tax." This may be an attempt at facetiousness on the part of the writer. No physician who has dealt with the insane has ever encountered an individual made insane by "thinking too much." If so, he has been silent about it.

"I suppose, first of all, you would like to know how it feels to be insane. Well, it is indeed a melancholy situation." It is indeed a melancholy situation if you have melancholia, but if you have mania, and especially if you have certain forms in which your self-appreciation is enhanced and your belief in your potencies and possessions quickened to an immeasurable degree, it is far from being a melancholy sensation. It is a sensation of power and possession which renders its possessor incapable of believing that any such thing as depression exists in the world.

"Lately a movement has arisen to change the name of insane asylums to 'mental hospitals.' We now recognize former madmen as merely sick people. We used to think of insane people as wild-eyed humans gnawing at prison bars or raving in a straight-jacket." The casual reader might infer from this that "lately" means within the past few years, and yet three generations have come and gone since Conolly, Hack Tuke and others initiated the movement which accomplished this.

"It was inconceivable to a well-known New York publisher that an insane man could play golf, go to Africa, or talk about his experiences." The mental and emotional make-up of "well-known New York publishers" is enigmatic. There is general agreement on that point, but if there is one amongst them who believes that an insane man cannot play golf, he could readily divorce himself from the conviction by driving past any hospital for the insane. There he will see a golf course and some of the patients playing, though he will not be able to distinguish them from "regular" golfers. As for an insane man talking about his golf or his experiences in Africa, no New York publisher,

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well-known or otherwise, would need proof to convince him that an insane man can do that.

" On my way through New York I called on a celebrated specialist who told me that I had only six months to live and told me to go out and hunt, roam the world and make the best of the passing hours. Six months later that great physician died insane." It is to be assumed that the celebrated specialist was a specialist in diseases of the mind. If that is so, the writer is in error. No celebrated alienist of New York has died insane within the past quarter of a century. In the second place, there has never been a celebrated alienist in New York who would fit the description " forty, rich, famous, living in an elegant home amid exquisite surroundings on University Heights with his wife, one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon, a statuesque blonde of astounding loveliness," save in the last qualification. Each one of them has had a beautiful wife, but none " a statuesque blonde of astounding loveliness."

If the writer consulted a physician who made that statement to him, he had the misfortune not only to be insane himself but to seek the counsel of a physician who was also insane.

The writer of the article says that he will attempt seriously to show that the center of the will is distinct from the center of the mind, and is a separately functioning organ; but in the stress of relating his experiences he forgot to do so. In fact, there would be no more satisfactory way of estimating his mental possessions and equilibrium than from an examination of this written document.

Those who are experienced with the insane give great diagnostic weight to the writings of the insane, not only the orthography and the syntax, but the sequence of thought, the rhythm of expression, the continuity of narrative, the pertinency of reference, the credibility of citation or example, the discursiveness of the narrative, and the way in which the writer develops and finally presents the central thought or idea. All these and other features of the written document are evidences to which he gives great weight. " Up from Insanity " is neither sequential in thought nor in narrative. Nearly every paragraph furnishes evidence of the distractibility of the writer's mind, and the discursiveness of the entire article amounts almost to rambling. It is marked with journalese jargon which reminds me of the newspaper

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accounts of the kidnapping or spiriting from Cuba of Señorita Cisneros.

The pith of the human document that we are discussing is that "every man's strength wells up from some center deeper in him than the brain." It does. A man's personality at any moment is the sum total of all the reactions of every cell or physiological unit in his body; but acceptance of this fact does not alter the universally accepted belief that the brain is the organ of mind. To have it said by a psychopathic individual that his restoration to a normal mental state came after he had observed "that a double nerve center at the base of the spine had been aroused and the function of these centers brought balance and poise and strength, which was instantly reflected in every movement and thought, and that these basic nerve centers are the center of the will," neither proves that there is such a center or makes it at all probable that it exists.

Why such humanistic and scientific puerilities as these should have been taken seriously is not easy to understand.

Our knowledge concerning the human mind is not by any means complete or satisfactory, but there are certain things about it which we know. For instance, we know that there is a conscious mind and a subconscious mind. The discovery in 1866 of the "subliminal consciousness" of the psychologist (the "unconscious mind" of the psycho-analyst), was called by William James the greatest discovery in modern psychology. We know that the person the individual thinks he is is the equivalent of his conscious mind. The man that he really is is the man his unconscious mind makes him. The face that he sees when he looks in the glass is the face that goes with his conscious mind. The face that others see is the one that fits his unconscious mind. Anyone who would observe the revelations of that unconscious mind in literature can readily gratify his wish by reading the *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* that remarkable presentation by James Joyce.

We know today that a man's ego or individuality is the equivalent of this unconscious mind. We know that therein lie the power of genius, the source of vision, the springs of inspiration that gush forth in prophecy, in artistic creation, in invention.

We are now engaged in investigating this subliminal consciousness, or unconscious mind, with every means at our

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disposal, and year by year we are making headway. Our progress is not adequate, perhaps, to satisfy the impatient and the impulsive, but with each succeeding decade there is a distinct achievement. Nevertheless, in the half-century during which we have been working at the matter in a methodical—perhaps one might almost say a scientific—way, we have discovered things about the mind which are truly epoch-making.

It is evident that the writer of the article, " Up from Insanity," has never been insane. He is a psychopathic individual who has had distressing episodes. At times these episodes have paralleled with considerable closeness the features of definite mental diseases such as manic depressive insanity, at other times they seem to have resembled the features of dementia precox; but he never was the victim of either one. He inherited an unstable nervous system which displayed itself in youth as a shut-in, markedly sensitive, anti-social personality. Like the majority of such individuals, he was subject to periods of excitation, at which times he did things at top speed. Neurologists call this a " hypo-manic state," that is, a state that resembles mania in miniature. Such states would be followed by periods of inadequacy, of retardation, of mental and physical activity, and by depression.

After a severe attack which he suffered when he was twenty-one, he had what is called in polite circles a " nervous breakdown," the chief symptoms being abortive delusions of reference. He thought that certain parts of his body had changed so materially that it was necessary to hide them from the gaze of onlookers. It made him sick to look at his own face. He had to wear colored glasses in order that others might not read his secret from his eyes, and his sense of relationship with everything constituting the external world was disordered disagreeably. Accompanying this there were a series of symptoms which constitute " feeling badly," and all the functions of the body that were concerned with nutrition were disordered, so that he became weak and lost flesh. Oftentimes his depression of spirits was so great that he convinced himself that he wanted to die, but he did not embrace a good effort to accomplish this end, when it was offered to him. In fact, he struggled so valiantly with the run-away horse that he checked him and " slid from his back ingloriously," physically exhausted.

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It would be interesting to know why sliding off the back of a horse who has run away and whose frenzy has been subdued by the rider should be an inglorious dismounting. Of course it might be more glorious to tame him to such a degree that his master could stand upon his back and direct his capriciousness with a glance or a silken cord, but surely there is nothing inglorious about *any* kind of dismount from the back of a horse who has been transformed from a wild to a gentle animal.

Nevertheless, the experience was a beneficial one. When he reviewed his prowess he realized that he had imposed his will-power, mediated by muscle, upon the animal, and it occurred to him, a victim of aboulia like the majority of psychopathic individuals, that to impose a similar will-power upon himself would be a salutary procedure. With this discernment came other revelations. One was that he had always been lacking in concentration and was easily distracted—psychopathic hallmarks which can be effaced to a remarkable degree in many instances by training. The first fruits of his labor in this direction was the discovery that Dr. Cook had been understudying Ananias, Munchausen, et al.

In another part of his article he says, with consummate familiarity, "You are from Missouri when it comes to asking you to accept new thoughts." He may be assured that one of his readers is not. New thoughts are as acceptable to this reader as breath to his nostrils; but he would claim citizenship in that State if asked to accept it as an indication of perspicacity to have discovered that Dr. Cook was a fake.

Despite the fact that the writer of the article had "developed the sixth sense to a startling degree," which assured him success as a journalist, he was chafing under his impotencies when he met a former medium who "had given up that life since her marriage." Unlike the celebrated specialist's wife who was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen up to the time he met his own wife, this one was "the most insignificant little woman I ever saw." Whether it was her experience gained as a medium, or as the wife of a rich lumberman of the Middle West, that prompted her to shy the alleged lunatic, fearing he would bore her with a narrative of his troubles, or whether she did not want to rake up her past, cannot be gathered from the meager narrative.

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However, he got from her this nugget of wisdom: "To be really successful you must get in touch with the great reservoir of experience." From "one of the country's greatest physicians," the like of which are his personal friends, he got a paraphrase of the Scripture: "Learn a lesson from the flowers of the field, be humble and modest, be natural and play a man's part."

It was then that calm repose settled upon him, and his nervous energy returned to the old channels and nourished him.

If Mr. E. J. had only appended a few of his dreams to his human document, there would be very little difficulty in pointing out the emotional repression that was at the bottom of all his mental symptoms. That he conforms to a certain well-known type of psychic fixation there is very little doubt. He has always been bereft, because he has a feeling of being spiritually or mentally alone. He never learned to be independent in mind, but always looked for an uncritical, soothing, maternal sort of love from people who are not ready or willing to give it. He has not changed materially. Now that his so-called recovery has come, and being unable to find what he demands, he takes refuge in the next best thing, and plays at obtaining it vicariously; he convinces himself that he is going to devote himself to doing for others "all the little kindnesses that life offers."

The layman who would get some knowledge of insanity should avoid such confessions as that of E. J. If he would make acquaintance with the self-coddling of a neurotic individual who delights in self-analysis, self-pity, and exaggeration of his symptoms, and who is a fairly typical example of juvenile fixation, his purpose will be accomplished by reading this and similar articles. There is, however, a safer and more satisfactory way of securing such information, and that is by reading the writings of Pierre Janet. There he will find the obsessed, the hysteric, the aboulic, the neurasthenic individual discussed in masterly fashion, and he will find the presentation unmixed with medieval mysticism and puerile platitudes, unflavored with specious "uplift" sentiment and psychological balderdash.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

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THE PEACE IN EASTERN EUROPE

BY ELIOT WADSWORTH

THROUGH nearly four and one-half long years of the war the peoples of the world had been constantly buoyed up to super-human efforts by the thought of what peace would ultimately bring. Freedom, happiness and plenty were held forth by the leaders and spokesmen of the Governments represented on either side.

Since the armistice a year and a half has passed. Some of the predictions have been realized; others have utterly failed. Meanwhile, many new problems which call for solution have come into the lives of the people.

The effect of Bolshevism, and the Soviet rule whether a by-product of the war or not, is becoming better and better known as the truth is told of the situation in Russia. The number of people who suffer from this entirely new and strange theory of government is increasing rather than decreasing. Bolshevism has swept over southern Russia and is penetrating into the eastern end of Asia Minor.

From some personal observations of territories in which the Bolshevik army has held sway for longer or shorter periods, there can be no doubt that it means destruction for well-ordered civilization. A visit from Bolshevist forces leaves nothing that is movable or breakable in dwellings, institutions or factories.

The difficulties arising from the war in the western countries are too well-known to need much discussion. The countries which have retained their identity and substantially their boundaries are struggling to get back to their normal life. Some have suffered great physical damage; all are suffering from the enormous strain which was placed on their resources and vitality by war activities. What we had regarded as the normal machinery of civilization was overstrained and overloaded beyond the danger point. Railroads slipped back in their efficiency; postal service, tele-

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graphic communication, banking credits, all show the effect of overwork and under-maintenance. To bring these countries back to pre-war comforts and efficiency will require the united efforts of the peoples involved—but it can be done.

Further east in Europe the Peace Treaty has created a number of new nations which stretch from the Black Sea to the Baltic in the following order:

Roumania: more than doubled in size with new territories to organize and assimilate.

Jugo-Slavia: comprising the old state of Serbia together with the Croats and Slovenes, must be knitted into one state with a suitable representative government.

Hungary: with a territory greatly less than was formerly included in its borders and a form of government new to its people.

German-Austria: the remnant of what was formerly the dominating territory of the Austro-Hungarian Empire stands isolated in the heart of Europe.

Czecho-Slovakia: consisting of three peoples—the Czechs, Slovaks and Ruthenians—must reorganize and develop its resources without access to the sea except over the railways of its competing neighbors.

Poland: a nation whose people have been for one hundred and fifty years living under the domination of three different monarchies, has organized as a democracy. From the day of its birth it has been called upon to fight for existence, with its army against the Bolsheviki, with its sanitary forces against typhus; and at the same time endeavor to revive its industries under entirely new conditions.

Lithuania: made independent after a century and more of domination by Russia.

Latvia, Esthonia and Finland: each comprising from one and a quarter million to two million people to whom independence had hardly been a dream for many generations.

This breaking up of territory into new political divisions with individual interests, customs regulations, and currency, is a backward step on the path which the world has been following for a hundred years.

During this century the centralization of authority and increased business coöperation between nations has been the outstanding feature of the world's development.

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In 1914 there was throughout the world the closest relationship in the business community. Barriers had been broken down by treaties, postal conventions and cable facilities. Trade between the peoples of the earth had become more universal and easier than it ever had been before.

As an instance of the value of a central government and coöperation we have only to look to our own thirteen Colonies under their loose confederation and later under a strong Federal Government. After the revolution and before the adoption of the Constitution, Albert J. Beveridge in *The Life of John Marshall* describes their situation in the following words:

> Very considerable were the obligations "public and private" which Madison wrote his father that he "strongly suspected" a part of the country intended to repudiate. The public debt, foreign and domestic, of the Confederation and the States, at the close of the Revolutionary War, appeared to the people to be a staggering sum. The private debt aggregated a large amount. The financial situation was chaos. Paper money had played such havoc with specie that, in Virginia in 1786 [as we have seen], there was not enough gold and silver to pay current taxes. The country had had bitter experience with a fictitious medium of exchange. In Virginia by 1781 the notes issued by Congress "fell to 1,000 for 1," records Jefferson, "and then expired, as it had done in other States, without a single groan."
>
> Later on, foreigners bought five thousand dollars of this Continental scrip for a single dollar of gold or silver. In Philadelphia, toward the end of the Revolution, the people paraded the streets wearing this make-believe currency in their hats, with a dog tarred and covered with paper dollars instead of feathers.

Washington, in speaking of the Confederation, wrote the following to Lee:

> To be more exposed in the eyes of the world, and more contemptible than we already are, is hardly possible.

Again to quote Mr. Beveridge on the conditions of those days, the following is of interest:

> The senseless and selfish nagging at trade in which the States indulged, after peace was declared, produced a brood of civil abuses as noisome as the military dangers which State control of troops had brought forth during the Revolution. Madison truly said that "most of our political evils may be traced up to our commercial ones." The States passed tariff laws against one another as well as against foreign nations; and, indeed, as far as commerce was concerned, each State treated the others as foreign nations. There were retaliations, discriminations, and every manner of trade restrictions and impediments which local ingenuity and selfishness could devise.
>
> The idea of each State was to keep money from going outside its borders into other States and to build up its own business and pros-

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perity at the expense of its neighbors. States having no seaports were in a particularly hard case. Madison picturesquely describes their unhappy plight: "New Jersey, placed between Philadelphia and New York, was likened to a cask tapped at both ends; and N. Carolina, between Virginia and S. Carolina, to a patient bleeding at both Arms." Merchants and commercial bodies were at their wits' end to carry on business and petitioned for a general power over commerce.

The situation of the new countries in eastern Europe is not so very different from that in which our Colonies found themselves in 1781-9. Although the number of people involved is enormously greater and the facilities available for doing business are quite different. Yet by cutting up this territory, formerly so closely associated, and creating the new independent states, many of the troubles under which our ancestors labored have been brought immediately into existence.

In considering this whole development, it must constantly be borne in mind that the new conditions affect far more the dwellers in the cities than those who make their living from the soil. It is the city with its complicated industrial organization, its dependence upon railroads, quick communication, payrolls and banking which feels at once any deterioration in the public services. To the city people who enjoyed all modern improvements, the pre-war days look almost hallowed in their luxury, plenty and solidity. They are now dependent upon the limited means of new nations launched forth into this modern industrial world unorganized, unfinanced and to a great extent unequipped with the fundamentals which carry modern civilization.

In 1914 they were using without thought the stable, well-understood methods which had taken generations to establish. For fifty years a large proportion of the individuals who have lived in this territory have been accustomed to steadily improving railroad, postal and telegraph service, a world market in which to buy and sell commodities, and a medium of exchange in which to transact business. A Roumanian could communicate and do business with a man in Finland, or in any of the intervening territory, without undue delay. Letters dropped in a postbox in Belgrade would be delivered in Helsingfors with almost unerring certainty. Goods turned over to a railroad destined from one small town to another several hundred miles away, would reach their destination untouched and without un-

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necessary delay. The people depended upon all this machinery, the evolution of a century. To a great extent it has been cut up into small divisions by new boundaries based upon nationalities without regard to commerce or industry.

One of the most potent influences in this quick interchange had been the stabilized currency. There were many different currencies in Europe but they had a well-defined relative value. The Roumanian franc or any other currency could be figured into its value in Russian roubles or German marks with complete assurance. The rate might fluctuate a few per cent but any bank could give the daily rate, and further than that, would make the exchange in a few moments. It had taken many years to achieve this result. It was a fundamental need for a modern industrial world.

What has become of these facilities in the areas of eastern Europe?

In the first place, each geographical boundary drawn on the map has become an economic barrier. Railroads which used to run across all this territory in one great system, now stop short at each of the many boundaries. The supply of rolling stock and locomotives, greatly reduced by the war, is far too small in nearly every country. Naturally, each country objects to losing any part of such an essential piece of equipment. To send a car from Roumania to Warsaw, across three intervening states, requires unending negotiations and guarantees. For a car to cross the border from one nation to another, suitable guarantees for its return are necessary.

Arrangements for sending telegrams or carrying of mail, must all be newly made. Each nation must agree as to the tolls. Even with the respective shares adjusted, the constantly shifting value of the currency of the different nations makes a new condition almost every day.

The medium of exchange is one of the great obstacles to a return to pre-war conditions. Many new currencies have been added to those which formerly existed. All idea of a gold basis has disappeared from every currency. A fixed rate of exchange is impossible. A bank could hardly assume the hazardous position of changing one currency to another without at least a wide basis of profit. The effect of these changes upon the economic conditions of eastern Europe can readily be understood.

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Among a population of perhaps seventy million people there had formerly been a free interchange of agricultural and manufactured products. Today, each small group into which these peoples have been divided is paddling its own canoe and getting along as best it can. Jugo-Slavia may have a surplus of wheat or hogs. Poland may need this surplus. Poland may have oil or lumber beyond its needs; Jugo-Slavia may need them. To make the exchange is slow, expensive, and, indeed, nearly impossible.

One example of how this affects the whole of Europe and, in fact, the world, may be useful. Upon the output of the Teschen coal fields a large part of southeastern Europe has always depended. To mine the coal, explosives were needed. They could only be obtained in Germany. Before any substantial supply could be obtained it was necessary to give a guarantee that these explosives would not be used for military purposes. This meant negotiation, in addition to a difficult financial arrangement. For the full operation of these mines, lumber for timbering was needed. Here again, there was difficulty, as there were no lumber mills nearby and it was necessary to arrange with an outside State, not only for the purchase, but for transportation across the geographical border. As a result, for many months the output of these mines was far below normal, and the territory depending upon them for fuel was forced to get along as best it could.

There are certain primary needs for which coal must be used: First, railroads; second, the public services of cities; third, a minimum of heating for institutions, public and private buildings. After this may come industry; so that industry suffers first from any shortage.

Another example will be found in the Galician oil fields, which under steady development had greatly increased their output until in 1909 two million tons of oil were produced. A constant investment of money was needed in the form of new wells to take the place of the old wells which ceased to produce. During the war these fields were captured and recaptured; producing wells were damaged, the drilling of new wells impossible. In 1919 the output of this field was only seven hundred thousand tons. It is estimated that unless new wells are drilled—an operation requiring nearly two years—by 1922 the output will be only four hundred thousand tons.

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Here is another basic need for modern civilization which by a reduced supply is handicapping the return to normal conditions. Capital and confidence are needed to make a new start.

This is the situation in which these people find themselves in the peace which has been so long and ardently looked forward to. They have freedom, but have learned that freedom is not everything in these complicated days. Team play with the proper leadership, the right rules and apparatus, are needed to make freedom worth having.

It is not practical to suggest that these newly created countries, each full of a high patriotic spirit, should be brought together as were the Thirteen Colonies. The facilities upon which they depend must be reconstituted in some other way.

Left to themselves, the rebuilding of the fabric so greatly worn and ruthlessly cut into sections will be a slow and difficult task. They must have capital and raw material. They must cooperate. As they are today, each is dependent upon and competing for such private capital as may be found in the world. Concessions and special privileges, running for long terms and offering large profits, must be offered to make investment in these countries attractive to private capital which finds in all world markets extraordinary opportunities urgently offered by nations, corporations and private borrowers. Already some investments have been made by bankers and merchants of the United States, England, and France, but by no means in quantities sufficient to meet the need. Even such help, given by divergent interests, may accentuate rather than assist the necessary movement toward coöperation.

The problem of getting this great section of Europe back to normal is one which requires the combined effort of all the nations. Capital and raw material should be provided, but with this aid to a renewing of industry and an improvement in facilities, should go a determined effort toward the breaking down of economic barriers. It is a huge task, worthy of the efforts of the strongest men. It is a work which, if carried through, would mean a very real contribution to the comfort and peace of the coming generations. The United States built the Panama Canal, not as an investment, but to add to the facilities of the world, to create new markets and bring old markets nearer together. The United

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States has done constructive work in the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba, not entirely for its own gain and not without considerable expense.

Here in eastern Europe we have a problem greater than any which has faced the world since the United States became a nation. We are, I believe, able to cope with it if we have the desire and the leadership. We are the only nation in the world today with the money and the raw material. Such a work might be looked upon as humanitarian only; certainly the relief which would be afforded to millions of human beings cannot be left out of the reckoning. There is another great reason which, in itself, should be conclusive. The commercial world, of which our country is an important part, needs to have the millions of people of eastern Europe again take their place as producers, consumers and builders. Other nations would without question join in such an effort. Business and trade affiliations would grow out of it which would be of permanent benefit to the commerce of this country.

A great opportunity lies before us in the making of such a contribution to the progress of civilization. We as a people should take it.

ELIOT WADSWORTH.

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IS GRAMMAR USELESS?

BY WALTER GUEST KELLOGG

THE study of English in our schools is today receiving so much attention and is recognized as of such vital importance that it is well to ascertain whether the system of teaching it is all that it should be. So many different subjects must be taught that it is axiomatic that no time, no energy should be wasted and that no subject should encumber our curriculums which is not necessary in itself nor adapted to the special needs of the students who desire it. In an age when so much stress is laid, not merely upon the studies with which those of an older day were familiar, but upon extensions and refinements of those studies, it is prudent occasionally to "take stock", so to speak, and to inquire whether we are not carrying upon our shelves shop-worn goods which had better be relegated to our lumber room, thus to make way for other materials more appropriate to the needs and demands of our customers.

English grammar, as it is commonly taught, presents itself as Exhibit A. There may be other exhibits, but certainly none can be more damaging to the cause of popular education than this unneeded, unscholarly excresence which has persisted so many, many years, informing no one, occupying time and effort that could be more profitably employed, and justifying itself only from the point of view of the publishers who publish and the men and women who write the hundred and one books yearly under the name of English Grammar.

Sir Philip Sidney in his *Apologie for Poetrie* put the case in a nutshell when he wrote:

> I know, some will say it (i. e. English) is a mingled language. And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say it wanteth Grammer. Nay truly, it hath that prayse, that it wanteth not Grammer: for Grammer it might have, but it needes it not; being so easie of itselfe, and so voyd of those cumbersome differ-

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ences of Cases, Genders, Moodes, and Tenses, which I thinke was a peece of the Tower of Babilon's curse, that a man should be put to schoole to learne his mother tongue.

If we are to learn Italian, Greek, Spanish or any other alien language, grammar is essential, unless we are to learn it in Italy, Greece, Spain or in an environment in which that language is the mother tongue, or the language commonly and generally spoken. In the United States, if we desire to speak Latin, we must have other canons to go by than the canon of usage, and a grammar will be of service; if, however, we are to learn English, we can best learn it from the common speech of the people about us.

A child speaks English that is quite sufficient for his purposes long before he attains school age, and constantly, without being formally taught, adds to his vocabulary words that he knows are the symbols for the thing he wants, and, as he grows, as his needs multiply, so his stock of words increases. Long before he enters a class-room, his capacity for understanding and for making himself understood in idiomatic English is marvelous.

The greatest writers of whom England can boast acquired English as the child acquires it, by use. Shakespeare, during the six years which comprehended his schooling, never saw nor heard of an English Grammar, nor did Sidney, Marlowe, Spenser, Milton and a host of later writers. The Grammar Schools of Shakespeare's time were Latin schools, the grammar taught was Latin grammar and it was taught in Latin. The first grammar of English did not appear until nearly a decade after Shakespeare had left Stratford to begin his career in London—and it was written in Latin. Shakespeare learned English by reading and speaking English and by hearing English spoken.

It would very probably have occurred to no one to write and publish an English Grammar had it not first occurred to a certain Dionysius Thrax to write and publish a Greek Grammar. The author of the Greek Grammar wrote it in order that Roman boys and girls might become conversant with Greek; it is quite possible that he would have laughed at the idea of a Greek Grammar for the youths of Athens. Yet, if Greek had a grammar, Latin must have a grammar and English, bound to keep in the

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running, must have one. The fallacy persists; our grammars, appropriate for the foreign markets, unfortunately are believed to have been intended for home consumption. Why an American boy or girl should study English grammar when Shakespeare and Milton were successful in getting a fair hold on the language without it, and by means open to any boy or girl, is a mystery that not even time will solve.

It may be doubted if there exists such a thing today as English Grammar, as this subject is commonly understood and commonly taught. English, like Latin, Greek and German, was once a highly inflected language. During its passage down the years, it lost many of the formal characteristics so dear to the heart of the grammarian and it has emerged a vastly simple, rugged and uninflected form of expression. In losing much, it has gained immeasurably.

In the middle period in the history of a majority of tongues, inflection of case, tense, number, gender, etc., occupied altogether too prominent a place. As a means of denoting the relation of words in a sentence, it obtruded unduly upon the hearer's attention and served by its overelaboration and its variety of aspect to obscure the meaning which it purported to convey, exactly as excessive ornamentation obscures the effect of a painting or a piece of architecture. In their later periods, these languages gradually dropped many of their inflected forms, and the trend everywhere has since been toward a greater simplicity, toward a minimum of variants.

This tendency has been particularly noteworthy in the development of English where what is known as analysis has in great part superseded inflection. In Latin, for instance, *amo* is " I love," but " I loved " is *amabam,* and " I have loved " is *amavi.* If we would convey the notion expressed to a Roman by *amavi,* we do it by analysing or breaking up the conception of *amavi* into its component parts and write the three words: " I have loved ". The constant recurrence with us of the prepositions " for," " to," " of " and " by," instead of case forms, and of the auxiliary verbs " have," " will," " shall," " be " and " do," instead of complex verb forms, is an illustration of the make-shifts we have adopted to avoid the complications of conjugation and declension.

Our adjectives, our possessive pronouns, and our articles

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no longer must be made to agree with their nouns—indeed they simply cannot be made to agree with them. We have one uninflected form of adjective and it functions perfectly with all nouns. Similarly, our possessive pronouns are interchangeable and we can say "my hat and shoes" and signify precisely the same idea as the Frenchman inflects into his *mon chapeau et mes souliers.* And the French must say *mon chapeau* instead of *ma chapeau* simply because "hat" in French happens to be masculine.

We have in our nouns no vocative case, no nominative, no dative, no ablative case. Where the Romans inflected their nouns by declension, we say "Charles, what is it? Charles is a naughty boy. He hit Charles. He gave the ball to Charles. He sat with Charles", and Charles in every instance bears all the outward and visible signs of the original Charles and appears quite unaware that he has been used in five different cases. He has been spared the humiliation of being successively Carole, Carolus, Carolum, Carolo and again Carole, as the Latin would have had him, and persists throughout as Charles, pure and simple. We may, of course, say Charles is in the vocative case because he is addressed and later in the accusative case because he happens to be hit, but assuredly he has not changed a bit and there would seem little reason in having to study about it in the dull pages of a grammar.

The possessive case is still inflectional: "Tom" becomes "Tom's". The added s and the apostrophe are all that are left of declension; to form the plural we drop the apostrophe and add the s to the singular. The instances in which the plural is otherwise formed may be learned in half an hour.

In the verb, we can scarcely discern the few inflectional remnants of mood, tense, number and person. I, you, we, or they love, but he, she or it loves; I, you, we or they have; he, she or it has. The same verb may be indicative or imperative; the context, the tone of voice must determine in which sense it is used. The subjunctive has all but completely disappeared. We denote passivity not by a voice form, but analytically with the help of the auxiliary: "I am loved", "I am hated".

Did we possess the intricate and illogical genders of Latin, French and German, the grammarian's lot would be happier. Almost alone among the languages of the world,

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English (except in pronouns of the third person) has no grammatical gender. To paraphrase Buttercup, "things *are* what they seem"; gender corresponds with physical fact. If the sex is masculine or feminine, the gender accordingly is masculine or feminine; if the object is without sex or we choose to regard it without reference to its sex, it is neuter. Why *hortus,* garden, should be masculine, and *manus,* hand, should be feminine, has puzzled as many students of Latin as the masculine *crayon,* pencil, and the feminine *ile,* island, have bewildered as many students of French.

Grammar must be one of two things. It is either the study that engaged us so wearily in our younger days with its conjugations, comparisons and declensions, or it is, as Professor Barrett Wendell defines it, "this system of good use which tells us how we may compose words in sentences. . . . In English," he says, "good use in composition is a question chiefly of good sense; I have yet to find a sentence that makes good sense—and anybody who knows what words mean can tell, with a little thought, whether a sentence makes good sense or not—that is not good English."

English Grammar, as it is taught today, is a mixture, a conglomerate of both notions, with the emphasis rather on the first. It is a thing of laws, rules, ordinances, by-laws and exceptions; an unscientific, illogical, inflexible dictum which emphasizes the letter and not the spirit, which forces children to decline nouns in cases which do not exist, to conjugate verbs in tenses, moods and voices which long since have ceased to be and to make adjectives agree with nouns when agreement is neither necessary nor possible. A child may conjugate and parse and "diagram" until the crack of doom and never, unless he hears good English and reads good English, will he be one inch nearer the goal—the correct and idiomatic use of his mother tongue.

English Grammar, as it is now taught, should be dropped entirely from our schools. A child need never parse nor "diagram" an English sentence, conjugate an English verb, nor decline an English noun. Indeed, it would do little harm if all the English Grammars adapted for use in elementary schools were to be committed to a

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bonfire. We should then be in a fair way to begin anew.

The teacher is the crux of the problem.

The greater part of the work of instruction will continue to fall upon the teacher of English, but correct use should be taught on every day, in every school, and in every class. No recitation in physiology, for example, however satisfying it may be according to the standards of physiology, should go unchallenged if it is faulty in its English. Nor should any written paper in any subject be allowed to pass muster if its English is incorrect.

Its importance should be impressed upon all pupils. It should be made plain to them that a knowledge of other things may be desirable, but that cultural and commercial opportunity depends, in great part, upon one's knowledge of his mother tongue, and that, first and foremost, the work of the school is to be centered upon attaining a correct use of idiomatic English.

The errors commonly made in every-day speech are, upon reflection, few in number and are the result of carelessness rather than ignorance. The speaker, if his attention be called to his mistakes, can usually correct himself.

Much of the English of today is objectionable not because it is ungrammatical, but because it is half-baked. It is the clumsy expression of a thought never completely realized—an attempt to express a conception never more than half conceived. The sentences that do not mean what they say or do not say what they are intended to mean, are quite as common as the sentences that are improperly phrased. The remedy is to be sought in clearer, straighter thinking.

No more valuable aid can be found than the writing of daily themes. These daily themes will quicken marvelously the student's powers of observation, enlarge his vocabulary, and, in his quest of material, will broaden his sympathies and appreciations.

If the teacher is chosen for his knowledge and use of English, if English is held up to our students as a fundamental, and if it is taught in all our classes, then there will be no place for so-called English Grammar, and the hours at present devoted to it may well be given to some other subject. It is obvious that we are speaking here of English Grammar in the elementary and secondary schools. The history and the process of growth of our language will

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always be studied and should always be studied in our colleges and universities by those who desire such specialization.

In New York State the truth was seen years ago, but in practice it has been only half realized. Much less time is now spent on English Grammar, but we still are devoting too much daylight to it. The syllabus prepared by the Department of Education recommends that no formal grammar be taught until the sixth grade is attained, but one wonders why it is still permitted to be taught at all. In one city, whose educational standards are ranked high, the local authorities have prepared for children of thirteen a syllabus which comprehends many strange and wonderful terms. I quote some of them: "attributive complement, predicate adjective, compound predicate, compound object." What do they all mean? Who but the grammarian or the pupil in the sixth, seventh, or eighth grade can say? Years and years ago we forgot their meaning; their very sound, however, evokes our youth, for we, too, heard those self-same words or words like them; once they stood for something and we were quite serious about them. Today, they find us cold and unresponsive—they are but shells, husks, dead words and no sense abides in them. We perceived that we had no use for them, that they served no purpose for us, and so, long since, they passed into the limbo. And a hundred times a day you or I or the boy in the fifth grade (who never has studied Grammar) may use an attributive complement (and do it very nicely, too), and yet be totally unaware of it.

Usage is the standard, and by usage must English be taught. No grammar nor dictionary can lay down the law nor have the effect of a statute; they can only record what passes current among the people of the time and can only preserve the customs of today and the precedents of yesterday, as do the common-law reports. English always will be in a state of flux, of evolution, until the day comes when it shall be fixed and stable and governed by exact and arbitrary rules; on that day, there may be a place, perhaps, for English Grammar, as it is now taught, but on that day English, as we know it and love it, will be dead.

WALTER GUEST KELLOGG.

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EXPLORING THE ATMOSPHERE

BY WILLIS L. MOORE, LL.D. SC.D.

EXPLORATION into the realms of the upper air hold out entrancing allurements to the daring aviator. While the use of kites and balloons in sending automatic meteorological instruments aloft have revealed much more of the wonders of this heretofore uncharted wilderness of cold and partial or total darkness than the general public is aware, only the outer fringes of the mysterious region have been penetrated.

The geographic poles have been conquered and the jungles of Africa traversed; and deep borings have been made into the bowels of the earth until heat has seemed to arrest further progress. Fortunately it is easier to combat the cold of altitude than it is to contend against the heat that increases with descent into the earth. The exploration of both regions is of the utmost importance to the coming developments of civilization. It is not visionary to assume that the heat of one may in time furnish the power necessary to do the labor of mankind, give warmth and light to habitations and operate transportation systems. The conditions of the other offer pure, highly electrified and physically stimulating air into which dirigible ships may sail and in which they may remain for days and weeks with their multitudes of human passengers.

As mechanical appliances for operating in cold, rarified air are perfected it is probable that long-distance travel will be pursued mainly above the clouds and the whirling vortices of storms, where the air serenely follows its allotted pathways around the earth at velocities somewhere between one and two hundred miles per hour, and where the view is unobscured by clouds, fog or precipitation, and where the electrical potential, although high, is so homogeneously distributed that there is no danger of lightning stroke.

Ten years ago, in a number of Chautauqua lectures, the

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writer invariably was greeted with looks of incredulity when he prophesied that within a decade, travelers of the air would take breakfast in New York and afternoon tea in London. This is now an accomplished fact, and it is reasonable to assume that in the near future aerial navigation will be safer than travel by rail or automobile. The hitherto inaccessible parts of the earth's surface will be sailed over and closely scrutinized while enjoying all the comforts that heretofore have been associated with Pullman service.

In 1862-66 Glaisher, the English meteorologist, ascended in a balloon to about the same height as that attained by Major R. W. Schroeder, of the United States Army, who achieved a much more difficult feat when he flew in an aeroplane to over 36,000 feet. These are the extreme altitudes to which human beings ever have attained, but they are probably only the beginning of explorations into a vast and largely unknown and extremely cold region,—one in which darkness increases with elevation, until at the outer limits of the atmosphere no illumination whatever exists.

The terrific eastward wind, and 69 degrees below zero, encountered by Major Schroeder are conditions that already had been revealed by the work done at the research station of the Weather Bureau, at Mount Weather, Va., and by ascensions at the Blue Hill Observatory of Massachusetts, and at European stations. Balloons flown from Mount Weather reached greater heights than were attained anywhere else in the world, 19.1 being the extreme altitude gained. The beginning of ascensions were made in the Rocky Mountains with balloons, hydrogen gas and meteorographs sent from Mount Weather. A large number of these instrumental weather explorers were liberated and reached great altitudes—15 to 19 miles—as they swiftly drifted eastward in the stratum above storms.

In 1898, under the direction of the writer, 1200 observations were made with kites by observers of the U. S. Weather Bureau at seventeen selected stations, during the six warm months from May to October. We were surprised to find that the loss in temperature for the first 1000 feet ascent during extremely hot periods was as much as 15 degrees, and the average decrease in temperature per 1000 feet elevation for all stations for all times, and at all elevations up to 5280 feet, was 4 degrees.

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For over five years kites were used at Mount Weather to carry instruments aloft to heights ranging from two to four and one-half miles, and to keep the apparatus up several days at a time, so that a continuous record might be secured of all hours of the day.

Few are aware that the rectangular kite of the meteorologist was the forerunner of the aeroplane of the aviator. In 1903, while directing Weather Bureau experiments at Roanoke Island, N. C., the writer saw the Wright brothers, or their representatives, lying flat upon their backs on the lower plane of what appeared to be Weather Bureau kites and gliding in the air from the top of sand dunes. This was the beginning of real flight by man. The ingenuity of the Wrights transformed the weather man's kite, strengthened it, took out the ends, hitched on a rudder, and when the petrol engine had developed sufficient power with a given weight, installed it, and flew.

In the future the meteorologist and the aviator will be closely associated. With observations made from aeroplanes simultaneously at a number of Weather Bureau stations and included in the telegraphic reports to Washington, it will be possible to make highly accurate forecasts for all parts of the country with respect to the incipient whirls or vortices so much feared by aviators, and for weather, wind direction and velocity at various high levels; and it should be borne in mind that all these conditions may be quite different in the upper reaches of the air to what they are at the surface of the earth.

Brigadier-General William Mitchell, Chief of Army Aviation, in an interesting lecture delivered before the Cosmos Club in Washington on May 25 last, spoke of the necessity for active co-operation of the meteorologist to aid in the construction of daily high-level weather charts as well as the making of forecasts of wind direction and force for the upper regions, where such extensive travel will occur in the future. All the data that the meteorologist needs is pressure, temperature and clouds. When he has plotted each in its proper geographic position, the barometer readings from say fifty stations east of the Rocky Mountains, taken at 15 or 20 thousand feet elevation, which is about midway between the bottom and the top of cyclonic storms, and drawn in the isobaric curves that connect stations of the same pressure, he knows precisely the direction

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and velocity of the wind without the use of other information, the pull of gravity causing the wind to move from a region where the barometer is high and the pressure great toward a region where the barometer is lower and the pressure less. The scientist knows that it will blow with a velocity directly proportional to the difference in pressure. The low pressures or storm-centers, with their vast systems of spirally inflowing and upwardly moving winds, warmth, clouds and precipitation, are definitely located by the barometric curves, as, also, are the high-pressure or cool, clear and stable areas wherein all the conditions of the low-pressure are reversed, the air moving downward in the region of the high-pressure center and outward along the surface of the earth. The present weather map is based upon barometric readings corrected so as to read what they would if the cisterns of the barometers were exactly at sea level.

The purpose now is to construct, with the aid of aviators securing the observations, a daily chart on which all barometers shall either be read at the four-mile level above the earth or else their readings corrected so as to read the same as they would if the instruments were at the exact level desired. Then the horizontal gradients of pressure on the selected level are established and the weather chart is ready for the interpretations of the skilled forecaster. This coöperation of the bird-man and the weather-man in studying the geography of the new air-world will mark an epoch in meteorological science as far reaching in its consequences as were the discovery of the barometer by Torrecelli and the uncovering of the principles of the thermometer by Gallileo, neither one of which were known until twenty-three years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. Thus swiftly does the mind of man explore the hidden recesses of Nature's mysteries, and with each conquest carry itself to higher realms of existence.

By comparing the sea-level and the high-level chart it will be possible to establish the vertical gradients of pressure and temperature in the four quarters of both cyclones and anti-cyclones and for the first time be able mathematically to discuss the mechanics of storms, so that weather forecasting may evolve from impericism to something closely approaching scientific deductions of exactitude.

In the not distant future more forecasts and storm warnings will be issued by the Weather Bureau for ships of the

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air than for those of the sea; the navigation of the air must play an increasing and important part in the coming activities of the world.

Science is becoming so skillful in harnessing the forces of Nature to man's desires and in the development of mechanical appliances that it is reasonable to anticipate that within a quarter-century or less human beings will be nearly as numerous as insects in the air, will remain aloft longer and sail to vastly higher altitudes. It is well therefore to know something of what science has learned about this new world into which man is projecting himself.

Immediately after this country entered the World War the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics published in elaborate form the results of the researches made at Mount Weather and put them into the hands of all the fighting aviators. These sailors of the atmospheric ocean were benefitted by the meteorological explorers who had preceded them with the kites, balloons and meteorographs of Mount Weather. There was ready for the use of the Army at the front a fund of useful information of a region that but a short time before was entirely uncharted and in which they must engage in mortal combat. The conditions found by Major Schroeder were all described in this report by the Committee on Aeronautics, just as the courageous sky traveler found them. The instruments carried by the exploring balloons had keen scientific eyes and they recorded on clock-timed cylinders what they saw. When the balloons burst as they did finally as the result of the loss of density with increasing elevation, the instruments slowly descended under parachutes that conveniently opened for the purpose of staying rapid descent. In this publication, wind, clouds, temperature and other conditions were tabulated and charted for all levels likely to be reached by the fighters. A pilot was able to determine at a glance at what level and in what direction his wind would shift as he rose and he was given a fair approximation of the velocity that he might expect.

Had not the Committees in Congress supported me with the necessary appropriations to construct Mount Weather and carry on this special research work during the preceding ten years there would have been no source in this country whence such data could be secured and no source in any other country whence such a complete series

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of extremely high-level observations could be obtained.

We now know that the temperature falls rapidly with ascent,—about one degree for each 300 feet,—until the top of the storm level is reached, at seven miles, when a most wonderful thing ensues:—the thermometer no longer falls as the balloon rises; it remains practically stationary so far as exploration has been made, which is to the height of over nineteen miles.

We have named this region above the storms the Isothermal (equally heated) Region. Its temperature everywhere is about 60 degrees Fahrenheit below zero and it changes only about 8 degrees between winter and summer. Of course one must assume that ultimately the temperature shades away to practically nothing as outer space is reached. Outside of the earth's atmosphere,—the oxygen of which ceases at about thirty miles, the nitrogen at fifty and the the hydrogen and helium at about two hundred miles,—there is total darkness even at midday, and little or no temperature—over 400 degrees below zero in the intensity of its cold.

Observations show anomalies that are startling. At one and one-half miles high there is little difference between midday and midnight, except that the coolest time of the twenty-four hours is during day time and not at night, as would be most naturally supposed. This is important information to an aviator or to the pilot of a ballon. As previously stated, at the height of only 1000 feet in free air at the hottest time of midsummer's heat, the air is found to lose as much as 15 degrees in comparison with that at the ground. Almost within arm's length of the streets of great inland cities there is a cool and healthful atmosphere when humanity is sweltering and dying from heat below. May not several Eiffel towers for each sanitarium some day sustain them far above the tallest sky scrapers of the present—1000 or 2000 feet high.

At the height of ten miles it would be difficult to hear the human voice because of the attenuated medium of transmission, and the twilight would deepen, even though it were midday. At thirty miles there would be no oxygen, one's voice could not be heard at all, and the stars would come out and darkness ensue although it were bright sunlight below. The nitrogen would cease at about fifty miles.

The traveler in the upper levels can carry oxygen and

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make air as he needs it, and he can insulate himself against the cold of this new world, which he will find deficient in dust motes and doubtless entirely wanting in the bacteria of putrefaction and disease. There will be no clouds to obscure his vision, nor rain, nor snow. He will not often ascend above the region where there are not some dust motes to scatter and diffuse a part of the solar rays and give him light, or at least a partial illumination. Above the nitrogen there are only the hydrogen and the helium, the two lightest of all gases. These make themselves manifest as far out as two hundred miles from the earth in their warming effects on meters that shoot into them and become luminous by the heat of friction.

The darkness of outer space may be proven by taking an enclosed volume of air, free it of dust motes, of which there are millions per cubic centimeter, and then try to illuminate it, and it will be found that no matter how powerful the light that is directed into it it remains wholly dark. When one looks up at midday he apparently sees the whole universe illuminated; but in point of fact only the thin stratum of the earth's air in which he lives is illuminated. Outer space is practically without temperature or light. The rays of the sun do not become either light, or heat, or electricity until they encounter the denser molecules of the air near the earth and the invisible dust-motes and cloud-particles in suspension in the air, and through such interference are transmuted from etheric vibrations into other forms of energy—heat, light, electricity, etc.

Few persons are familiar with these simple problems of the phenomena of the air, which have such an important bearing on the distribution of corporal man into realms above what he has been accustomed to inhabit.

The northwest wind always brings physical energy and mental buoyancy, because it has a downward component of motion that draws air from above, where it is free of impurities and where high electrification has changed a considerable quantity of its oxygen into ozone, in which condition it remains but a short time after reaching the lower potential near the earth's surface. More people die under the enervating influence of the south wind than under the influence of the north wind, because the south wind hugs the surface of the earth and becomes laden with impurities and is lacking in electrical stimulation.

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When inventive man becomes more familiar with the ocean on the bottom of which he has lived so long, he will not wait for the north wind to bring down to him the benefactions of higher up; he will go after them and remain aloft as long as he desires to do so.

The further development of the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane are among the most important functions of the engineer of the future. The meteorologist must establish the climatology of various strata above the earth. Mount Weather, instead of being abandoned, as it has been by the present Administration, should be operated on an enlarged scale and other institutions of similar purpose established. No autocratic old woman with a broom should be allowed to sweep back the progress of science in exploring the nearly untracked wilderness above the earth, for here man will largely disport himself in the time to come. The hanging gardens of Babylon will be outdone in the twentieth century and the eyrie of the eagle left far below by those who will live a part of their time in elevated structures having bases resting upon the earth.

Before travel in the isothermal stratum, above storms, is frequent or protracted some engineering difficulties must be overcome, but these are in process of solution by some of the ablest inventors of the world. In this region there is only one-fourth of an atmosphere, with 60 degrees below zero temperature, and it is necessary not only to warmly enclose and insulate passengers and pilots, but to feed the carburetter of engines with air artificially regulated to pressures and heat so as to be somewhat comparable to what the engine used at lower levels; and the ratio between power and the size of propellers must be adjustable so as to maintain efficiency in the extremely rarefied sailing medium.

Why should not eclipses and other astronomical events be regularly observed from great aeroplanes, or preferably from monster dirigible air ships elaborately equipped for observational work above the optical disturbing effects of clouds, dust and the heterogeneously heated lower air? The possibilities of research and discovery are almost limitless.

WILLIS L. MOORE.

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ON PROLONGING HUMAN LIFE

BY EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M. D.

Is old age a disease? No, it is not *a* disease, but it is disease. Neither old age, middle age nor youth are functions of time. They are physical states, the mere expressions of definite incident forces with which time has no more to do as a factor in causation than a tape measure with the height of a man. This is elementary, obvious and incontrovertible, and the only excuse for stating it as a principle is the fact that it is so generally ignored, not only in popular thought and language, but in philosophic and scientific discussion of the problems relating to human existence.

In casting time as an entity out of physics, Einstein has done no more than earlier thinkers have done for philosophy, yet so powerful is the influence of mere terminology and of allegorical conceptions of natural processes that even the pathologist dealing with visible evidences of infection and poison in the tissues of the elderly talks about "conditions normal to the *time* of life." The assertion that arterial hardening and other tissue changes, commonly although not always found in later life, are normal to that age period, is tantamount to asserting that they are due to time, a postulate that cannot really be presented in thought since time is a mathematical abstraction, has only a relative existence and cannot exert a physical influence over anything.

It may seem that I am merely harping on an academic string, but this is no academic question. It involves the demolition of a fallacious principle that has for ages held back the human race from enjoying the full fruits of human intelligence and attaining freedom from the thralldom of a mythological conception of the life cycle of man.

Once clear the mind of this paradoxical notion of the causation of old age and we strike at the roots of human misery, of human futility and failure. Today we stand humiliated before the brute creation. What can we, as

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thinking organisms, report to the jungle as to our custody of human bodies and human lives? True, we have done some commendable things. We have cut down the death rate, both in war and peace, from certain diseases, while at the same time increasing the efficiency of our engines of destruction. We have cut down the death rate in places formerly pestilential, such as Panama and Havana, but the fact that we talk so much about these things is a pitiful commentary on the ages of ignorance and neglect through which we have passed, while deceiving ourselves with the mechanical trappings of civilization.

In spite of science, culture and the intellect of man, the "genus homo" is carrying at present a greater burden of disease, misery and starvation than any other animal organism. The life cycle of man is not only limited but filled with a mass of pathology, physical and mental, that is due to definite physical causes and preventable by definite physical means.

In considering problems relating to the quality of human life and the lines of its possible future development, we can make little progress unless we work and think in the spirit of Huxley who said "Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up any preconceived notion, follow humbly wherein and to whatever abyss nature leads, or you will learn nothing."

Current notions with regard to the duration of human life are based largely upon superficial observation and tradition. True, we are faced by the undeniable fact that one-half of the people die before sixty years of age. A lifetime of seventy years is considered as representing the human life cycle and is supposed to be fixed by biological, if not by a divine, law. In a sense this is true. That is, the human organism has evolved through many phases to a type that resists the unfavorable factors in environment and faults in its own structure for that period. The attacks of tubercle bacilli, of typhoid bacilli, of streptococci, the insidious effect of poisons formed in the body, as well as those admitted to the body, may be regarded as governed by natural law, but it is quite obvious that with larger knowledge of the operation of such laws, man's intelligence can set in motion influences also in accord with natural laws that can profoundly modify the life cycle of man or of any other organism. In earlier times such attempts were more along

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supernatural than natural lines. Some mysterious and marvelous elixir or charm was sought that would enable mankind to withstand the so-called ravages of time, which we now know were mostly the ravages of micro-organisms. As science gained more light and divested itself of the superstitions and crudities of the alchemist and the medicine man, there was in fact very definite progress made in improving the death rate at certain age periods, chiefly under forty, when communicable and epidemic disease carries off its largest toll. This left untouched, however, the problem of mere ageing, of gradual failure in vitality, and final old age; and even those conditions frankly recognized as disease, such as arterial and kidney changes which claim in this country about 130,000 people yearly between the ages of thirty and sixty, have been wholly neglected as to their prevention. These casualties are accepted more or less philosophically as "acts of God," and no definite attempt to reduce the mortality from such causes has been made, as in the case of epidemic and communicable diseases. In fact, the death rate from these chronic maladies has increased in this country during the past thirty years and there has been no favorable influence on the mortality in the later ages of life, although in England and Wales and in the Scandinavian countries, and even in Prussia, the census returns indicate an improvement in the death rate at each age period. Various explanations have been offered for this apparently unfavorable trend, from absolute denial of the accuracy of the records by the optimist who would accept them unhesitatingly if they were pleasant and who does unhesitatingly accept the figures regarding the drop in the death rate from tuberculosis and typhoid, to the theory that it is due to the admixture of foreign stocks with a high mortality from such causes. There is good evidence that a substantial part of the increase in mortality from these organic diseases is, in fact, due to this cause, but there is no evidence that native stocks are showing any gain in vitality at the advanced ages. Hence, while the general death rate has been markedly reduced (from 19.6 to 14.2 in the registration area since 1890), there is no indication that the life span has been lengthened. The benefits of scientific progress have been conferred chiefly upon the young, but without apparently assuring them any more favorable condition in later life than has been enjoyed by their ancestors.

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Evidently there is work to do along this line and these are the problems that interest most deeply those who joined in founding the Life Extension Institute. These men had no illusions as to the value of mere life extension. The sheltering and pampering and protecting of a defective organism in order to drag out a few more years of a more or less miserable existence would not be a fundamental service to humanity, although the duty of medical science is always to conserve life without regard to the burden that it places on society. The real meaning of life extension work lies in its ideal of living on higher planes of existence, in attaining a broader physical and psychic life, in developing the latent resources of mankind and in training man to make the most of his endowments and of his environment. This, it would seem, must inevitably lead to longer life and life so lengthened would improve social conditions generally and ensure an elderly life and old age free from many wretched handicaps.

What warrant have we for assuming that such things are possible? Does the failure thus far materially to increase the life span, in spite of scientific progress, prove that we are engaged in a Sisyphean task and working against nature or some irrevocable higher law? To me the testimony from the field of biology where profound changes have been effected in the life cycles of other organisms, offers a conclusive answer. The human organism cannot be separated from the rest of living organisms. If it can be shown that life cycles are not pre-ordained or immutably fixed, we may face the problem of extending the human life cycle, of expanding the power of the human organism exactly as we would face such problems in the laboratory when dealing with the fruit fly or the sea urchin or the star fish or the tadpole. There are living organisms such as the redwood tree, that have a life cycle apparently limited only by the geologic age in which they live. There are others that live but a day because of obviously faulty structure. Working with the fruit fly, Loeb and others have prolonged the life cycle of this organism 900 per cent merely by keeping it at a lowered temperature and protecting it from adverse external factors, such as infection and poison.

There are numerous similar experiments on record where the so-called influence of time has been defied and a definite prolongation of the life span attained. Loeb has

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emphasized the significance of the result attained with the fruit fly as evidencing the attainment of natural death, that is, death occurring notwithstanding the protection of the organism from all forms of external injury or infection. It was assumed that death finally occurred either from loss of peculiar substances formed by the organs of the creature and necessary to maintain the mechanism of its existence, or the accumulation of poisons which were never thoroughly eliminated from its body, owing to some faults in structure. It is probable that here we have an expression of a fundamental law of life. Barring accident or injury, all organisms die through fault in their structure or their adaptation; because they are poisoned, infected or deprived of essential factors that maintain life. These definite causes of disease, old age and death can actually be grouped under definite categories that will include all possible factors yet to be discovered that could influence the life cycle of man. These categories are as follows: Heredity, Infection, Poison, Food deficiency, Food excess, Hormone deficiency (Hormones are substances essential to maintaining the equilibrium of health and the efficient functioning of organs. They are known to be formed in a number of glands and organs, such as the thyroid, adrenals, pituitary, sexual glands, the pancreas and possibly some others), Hormone excess (actually poison), Physical injury or strain, Psychic injury or strain, Physical apathy, Psychic apathy.

Clifford once said that from a cubic inch of air omniscient science could reconstruct the whole plan of the universe, and it may be said with equal truth that science fully informed as to the means of protection against the adverse factors named or yet to be named under these categories, could indefinitely prolong human life—and more—indefinitely expand its power. This, of course, is a mere presentation of a principle and not a prediction. No one with even a smattering of scientific knowledge can doubt that the best of us are merely nibbling at life. Evolution has after many years brought us to a point where we look back with contempt upon the Pithecanthropus Erectus and the Neanderthal man, but it is doubtful whether we are much in advance of the Cro-magnon man whose superior intelligence did not save him from extinction. Despite our civilization which we are wont complacently to speak of as complex, although it is really superficial, there is no evidence

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that moderns excel in brain power or in intellectual stature the wise men of old. We have more information, we have discovered more about the mechanism of the universe, but the quality of the human organism shows very little evidence of improvement, notwithstanding the current belief in "upward" evolution.

Professor Edward Grant Conklin, in a recent Princeton lecture, has dissented from this view of further upward evolution as applied to man. He sees little probability of a superman appearing and points to evidence of actual physical deteriorations in the modern human type as compared to earlier types. These relate, it is true, to comparatively minor matters such as skeletal changes, decrease in the acuteness of special senses and the like, but there is lacking in the biologic record any evidence of upward development during the historical period. On this subject I have no dogmatic opinion and would not venture to assert that modern man is distinctly inferior physically to ancient man, but I have a very positive opinion as to the present physical condition of man, and that is, that he is far below a reasonable standard of animal excellence. Where among wild animals can you find so many individuals with septic teeth, faulty vision, septic tonsils, inefficient bowels, physical asymmetries, flat foot, defective and infected nasal cavities, defective hearing, unhealthy skin, impaired organs and tissues? When man first moved into this pathological field I cannot say. It is claimed that the ancient Egyptians had their tooth troubles.

It may be that Professor Conklin is right and that natural evolution has reached a biological *impasse* in man, but on this subject we are entitled to hear from the clinician, the physiologist and the hygienist, as well as the biologist. Admitted that without help, evolution can do no more, we are at liberty to speculate on the power of intellect to control nature. Huxley postulated a reversal of natural selection through man's interference in preserving the unfit; the contrary hypothesis is tenable that man can take up the work where nature laid it down and by directing natural forces, deliberately mould a higher type of organism. This would seem to be the real hope of the future.

That immense opportunities confront human intelligence, cannot be doubted. That a transformation of the human type is possible with a vast access of power and

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vision and capacity for bending to its will the resources of nature, is the underlying thesis of this article. Possibly man is but another trial in the "great plan." No less than 10,000,000 species have existed on the earth, many of them for vast stretches of time, only to pass out. It may be that another and another biological cycle will be necessary before the real man comes, nevertheless we find ourselves with a definite hold on facts that were denied to previous civilizations so far as we can learn. We can see definite means of working forward to a practical solution of mysteries that our forefathers placed in the sphere of the supernatural.

From these ambitious reaches of thought, let us come down to earth and ask what really does this all mean to the man on the street? Have we any message for him? Surely there is a direct and practical message. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, but we can reverse the formula and say that from the ridiculous to the sublime is often but a step. Little Tommy Grace with a pain in his face is not sublime, but the change that can be wrought in a human being by the removal of a root abscess often approaches the sublime and may appear almost as miraculous as the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands. This does not apply to all root abscesses, but to some, and 62% of people whose teeth we have X-rayed showed root abscesses. I do not mean to convey the impression that all our ills are due to our teeth, but make the point that something at least is known regarding definite menacing factors grouped under the categories I have mentioned as influencing the life cycle, and that something is also known regarding definite means of protection. With reasonable cooperation from the individual and from organized society, I have little doubt but that the span of human life could easily be extended well beyond one hundred years and, what is more to the point, expanded and much of the sordid misery and the humiliating limitations squeezed out of it. Too much must not be expected in a decade or in a century, and yet the Egyptians under the third and fourth dynasties emerged from comparative barbarism and in less than a century developed a culture and an engineering and architectural skill that produced the pyramids. Without making predictions or fixing time limits, we can tell our story and do our work, and, to use the old phraseology, let "time" do the rest.

First, eugenics is a science to reckon with. If man's in-

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telligence cannot in the course of time reduce the stream of gross deficiency by some means of controlling breeding, then will the real man have to come into his own and that job must be left to some higher race of organisms yet to appear. Dodging the platitudinous dialectic brick-bats that this assertion invites, let us consider the infant who is here. Prenatal care offers definite promise of better equipment for the infant. Infant and child hygiene are even now doing much. Nutritional problems are being solved. Physical training problems are with us. Mental training is baffling the wisest minds and there regularly appear in our leading magazines wails of agony from educators and philosophers deploring our deficiency in this regard.

But what of the young adult cast upon the great ocean of life to strike out for some unknown shore? Our draft examinations told us something about the male and would have told a similar story about the " deadlier of the species " had she been called. In spite of much care in earlier years, this young male in the flush of youth showed deficiencies. He needed just the kind of physical overhauling that he received, only a more thorough one.

Shortly before the war, General Leonard Wood asked me to estimate the probable rejection rate if a draft should be necessary. I answered " 50% if we take ages 18 to 45." He replied, " That is conservative, judging from my own observation of recruits examined." You see, General Wood was not an optimist, but just a military and medical scientist, viewing the matter cold-bloodedly, " sitting down before fact as a child." Probably more crimes or at least mistakes have been committed in the name of optimism than in the name of liberty, and we may charge to optimistic amblyopia at least one-fourth of the present world misery, not to speak of the war casualties.

The draft actually revealed about one-third of those examined between the ages 21 and 31 disqualified for active service. The rejection rate rises rapidly with age and at least a 50% rate would have been reached as a total if ages to 45 had been included. There was an excess of 30% in the rate for the entire age group, as against age 21 in our draft, and in Great Britain the rejection rates, according to Major Comrie, were: age 18—23%, age 23—48%, age 41—69%.

We see this paralleled in the death rate in the population.

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At age 40 the death rate is about three times what it is at 20. My own predictions were based not only upon many years of observation of life insurance risks, but upon recent evidence derived from the examinations by the Life Extension Institute of many thousands of industrial employees active at their work and others in all walks of life. More than half of these people, forming a cross section of the population down to and including the average active worker in industry but not including the sick and dependent and unemployed, were found in need of some form of medical, dental or surgical treatment, and practically all had at least some slight defect, the correction of which would improve their life prospect if not their immediate condition. In addition to physical defects, faults in living obviously impairing their lives, were found in more than 80%. Errors in diet, exercise and personal hygiene were so common as plainly to reveal the lack of adaptation of the human animal to his surroundings.

In the British draft records it was found that four-fifths of those examined had defects worthy of record. In our draft statistics, we find 47% recorded as having reportable defects.

In the Life Extension Institute reports of more than 150,000 physical examinations, we do not find the record of any perfect man or woman. There is always some departure from ideal physical condition, there is always something that can be done. From those showing a high state of vitality and minor defects, only a very small percentage, we step down to those showing really serious and advanced disease,—about 5 to 8% in any working population, people actually at work and supposedly in good health. A concrete case will illustrate. A man fifty years of age, examined in a group of supposedly healthy workers as a matter of routine, claimed to be in good health and had no complaint except callouses on his feet. On examination, he was found to have a blood pressure of 220, his kidneys were advanced in disease, he had septic teeth and tonsils, his vision was defective and he was wearing defective glasses purchased at a store. He was consuming large quantities of coffee, tea and tobacco, and he had callouses on his feet! Poor man! Much could be done even for him by clearing his mouth of infection, by regulating his diet and habits, and fitting him with proper glasses. He is not an uncommon type. Cal-

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louses on his feet! No, the callouses are on the brains of society and of science that has for ages stood waiting for people to come and report that they have callouses on their feet, or what not, instead of periodically overhauling the human body to find out whether any of the factors grouped under the categories I have mentioned are at work. This particular man may have had rising blood pressure and developing kidney trouble for 15 or 20 years. The early signs are often found in young people.

In a group of several thousands of insurance policyholders examined periodically under this system for the purpose of prolonging their lives, the death rate during a period of seven years was cut down 50%. It has been figured by a leading statistician that the periodic examination of any group will save at least three lives per thousand per annum, apart from the dividends in increased living capacity. This is the practical work of life extension now being carried by the Institute into industry, among life insurance policyholders and among its own members who join in this work, not only to gain its benefits for themselves, but to extend it throughout society. Health construction and disease prevention placed on a practical business basis and carried through practical business channels, gives economic as well as psychic and moral dividends.

Apart from the prolongation of life by such practical means, we must, as honest scientific thinkers, face the possibilities of more direct and specific measures. We have already sufficient light on this pathway leading to strange and startling possibilities, enabling us to discern a world transformed. We know that diet is not so simple a matter as formerly supposed. Specific substances, vitamins, are necessary in our food for growth and development and the maintenance of health, entirely apart from the chemical elements and simple combinations of protein, carbo-hydrates, fats, minerals, etc., formerly regarded as sufficient. Strange and terrible diseases arise from lack of such substances,—beriberi, scurvy, pellagra, and possibly other forms of disease. We also know that the autonomic nervous system and certain glands over which it presides form substances essential to life and health and well-being,—hormones. Excess or deficiency of hormones may cause profound changes not only in physical condition, but in character and personality. Sex expression, which is one of the most basic formative

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elements in personality during the greater part of life, can be wholly changed by alteration in the gonads or sex glands, and in animals the transplantation of glands has shown the transformations possible along these lines.

Science must face this fact as to the influence of these bio-chemical factors on the integration and disintegration of personality. It is well to throw a dash of cold water on the present tendency to discuss personality as an entity which can go out walking and then return to snuggle once more in the body.

The question arises as to where the personality comes from that a cretin obtains when he emerges from incipient idiocy to intelligence as a result of feeding him thyroid gland? There is, so far as I know, no evidence that the human mind can grasp, to explain this phenomenon otherwise than on the hypothesis of an integration of personality arising from the bio-chemical changes in the body of the subject.

Professor Francis G. Benedict, in his experimental work on a squad of men that had been adjusted to a low plane of nutrition (about two-thirds of the supposed minimum standard requirement), men organically sound and physically able not only to work but to excel in endurance tests, found a remarkable change in sex expression and consequently in personality, due to changes in the bio-chemical adjustment of the subjects. These men had low blood pressure, slow pulse rate and lowered metabolism, they were "bailed" of considerable reserve nitrogen, and their physiological condition and their outlook on life during the period of the tests were profoundly altered, that is, in the majority of these subjects, owing to practical obliteration of sex expression,—physical, psychic and aesthetic.

The many examples of profound physical and psychic changes resulting from variation in the supply of hormones or other specific substances, indicate the possibility of ultimately acquiring knowledge that will enable us to administer combinations of substances that will maintain life and health indefinitely, barring accident or physical and mental strain and injury, although these may conceivably be successfully combatted to a certain degree by specific means. Carrying these speculations to their ultimate implication, we find a number of alternative destinies confronting mankind.

Regulation of the birth rate, or an artificial death rate,

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would be inevitable if the so-called natural death rate were reduced to a negligible factor. A condition of society would obtain strange beyond belief and so different from the present world as to be unrecognizable by one who could awaken in it like Rip Van Winkle after a long sleep.

The attainment of longevity by regulation of conduct, by following the rules of personal hygiene and bending the body to the will of the individual, is not likely to cause any social upheaval or dislocation. Such influences working gradually would be accompanied by social adjustment to a longer life cycle. Let us therefore be neither optimistic nor pessimistic, but just good citizens courageous to face the truth as to our weaknesses and to move for their correction. Periodic physical examination and an intelligent regulation of our lives, of our social and industrial conditions, may seem a commonplace formula after discussing an elixir of life, but it will do much to lift the burden of woe and of error that now weighs down the nations of the world.

It is useless to argue that nobody wants to live longer than the present life span. I venture to assert that if simple means be found greatly to prolong human life, that is, without working for it, few would be found to make the decision against utilizing it, and no doubt nations would fight for it.

EUGENE LYMAN FISK.

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PHASES OF UNREST—III

THE PURPOSE OF THRIFT

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

SPENDING, not saving, is the custom. To get saving highly esteemed we shall have to see to it that a "nest egg" is the really fashionable thing to have.

The ordinary copy book maxims preach the advantage of saving in such a way as to compel the normal human to be an anti-conservationist. If one deliberately believes that a higher total of life's increments of enjoyment is to be had by spending liberally when there is money to spend and then hibernating when there is no money to spend, then, surely, in a free and unsocialized country, no really first-class moral precepts can be found to the contrary. If one chooses to spend while young, and starve or go to the poor house when old, that is purely a matter of choice. From certain angles, and for certain dispositions, it is surely better to have a full measure of pleasure while the capacity for enjoyment remains, than to deny oneself those pleasures in order to have a competency in old age when the capacity for enjoyment does not exist. It is not passing strange that the miser has never commanded the respect of anyone other than his banker, while the free-handed man is welcome everywhere. In fact, being extremely economical as a habit of life comes close to being penurious.

So, therefore, when you preach the morality of thrift, you are likely to draw a picture of the kind of a person that nobody wants to be. To rail about the sins of luxury, is as someone has said to "bring us down with a bump on thrift, that meanest and ugliest of all the so-called virtues, the last refuge of the craven."

It brings up a picture of that kind of a property owner which every town has; the man who has saved and denied himself until he has seared his soul. He spends his declin-

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ing years living upon the virtues of his thrift and making himself a nuisance to the community by assiduously collecting all rents on the day due and in person, and refusing to make repairs in his best thrifty spirit. As Hartley Withers has said:

> Now I fully admit that thrift as an end in itself is a very unproductive quality in the eyes of most people, and that it is, in fact, often found in partnership with other qualities that are still more justly despised. From thrift to meanness and from meanness to hypocrisy are short steps. . . . To save money simply for the sake of saving after one has made ample provision for one's old age and for any dependents on one is a pastime that is open to criticism on many grounds.

It is one thing to save in wartime and in order to prosecute a war, and it is quite another thing to save in peace time to prosecute nothing in particular excepting the virtues. Now, to be perfectly frank, the amount of saving in wartime by the people in general did not amount to nearly so much as the talk about it. The saving among those who worked for wages was more or less compulsory; in most cases they subscribed for Liberty Bonds rather than lose their jobs; they instructed that these bonds be paid out of their wages in installments, and then struck for higher wages because the remainder, after making the subscription, was insufficient for living expenses. Where employers distributed small bonds or thrift stamps as bonuses, the employees cashed them in as quickly as they could get to some place that would buy them.

A certain section of public opinion now thinks that, during the war, the Government dealt extensively in gold bricks, for how, otherwise, should something which the Government says is worth $100 sell at a discount? And the campaigns of bond selling and thrift stamp distribution carried on so extensively in the public schools, were really more in the nature of games than education. The purposes were best served by making it a game, and there is no criticism meant to be made of the methods, but those teachers in the public schools with whom I have talked, say that, in the minds of the people, although the word " thrift " is very popular, and has now a very definite meaning, that meaning is connected with an enjoyable excursion into badgering people to buy little stamps—the connection between the stamps and the money is quite obscure. The boys gave up collecting marbles and other trinkets for the time being and

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went in for stamps—that is, thrift stamps rather than postage stamps, or cigarette cards, or any of those numerous things which the normal boy feels it his duty to collect in excessive quantities.

Is it not mere caddishness for one who can afford to buy and does buy silk shirts and silk stockings, and automobiles, and who freely admits that he wastes money, but who justifies himself somewhat belligerently by saying that he can afford to waste money and that it is nobody's business, to object to other people doing the same sort of thing only because he thinks the other people cannot afford the expenditures? Right down in our hearts we know that the concern is not at all with the welfare of those other people who are wasting their money, it is really a matter of jealousy and of class distinction based on clothing—a feeling that these people have committed social misdemeanors, as when the cook duplicates her mistress' hat. And anyone who preaches thrift to people on the ground that they should not have what they like for their money is simply preaching nonsensical cant. He is really preaching revolution.

If, then, thrift has no virtue in itself, if every person within the limits of the law is entitled to spend what he can earn, and more than he can earn if he can get away with it, is there any unmoral reason for thrift?

The reason for thrift is plain. It is not necessary to talk about morality. It is simply that if we do not have thrift we shall not have a margin of production over consumption—that is, we shall not have Capital. If we do not have Capital we cannot have progress for we shall have no means wherewith to make improvement in existing facilities for production. There is the danger of extravagance. And it is a very real danger.

We often get a wrong start on thrift. We think of it only as buying less whereas we should think of it as buying more wisely. Look at some of the false arguments.

We know that buying less does not increase production, but, on the contrary, decreases production because the demand fails. If we should all stop buying for a time, undoubtedly a great number of stocks held in weak hands would have to be sold off, but more probably the stocks would be bought by the stronger merchants and all prices advanced in order to cover the cost of holding—the only thing that would drop would be production. That is, we

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should not add to the wealth of the country, we should merely go into a period of national hibernation.

It is a tribute to the economic sense of the American citizen that appeals to be thrifty on the ground that prices will thereby drop have been received as an unfounded rumor.

There is another class of argument that one meets with now and then, which would encourage thrift—encourage the accumulation of money—so that enough might be had in one bag, for a grand big whirl—that we might have national periods when we were all sailors or lumber jacks and had just struck town. There is a certain humanness in this thought which, in a way, makes it less objectionable than the economic idiocy that I have just mentioned; it does not pretend to be anything more than it is. But intensive preparation for periodical spending debauches is not thrift.

There is a reason for thrift as a positive and not a negative habit.

Thrift is not opposed to silk shirts and automobiles. It is not opposed to extravagance as a vice; it is opposed to getting nothing for something, and we might almost define thrift as consuming less than one produces for the purpose of being able to produce more. If a nation consumes all that it produces it cannot go forward. A community is but a collection of individuals. Therefore, thrift is an individual affair.

The habit of saving to provide against one's old age, is, in a way, salutary, but as an end it is not in economics very important because the number of people who eventually become public charges is really insignificant. The habit of insurance makes the incapable aged worth keeping about to collect his insurance after death, and more often than not, in these days, the children of an old and destitute worker are seldom out anything by having to support him through his declining years. Whether their ability to save is thus unduly decreased is another matter, but commonly the support of the aged is more inconvenient than costly, and, even if uninsured, the aged, unless disabled, usually give some kind of an economic return for their support.

Thrift can be considered amiably as a social question; but its present day importance is economic and not social. Its economic side is paramount today. For *the purpose of thrift is to provide more working capital so that the means of adding to the wealth of the nation may be augmented.*

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Adding to the productivity of the nation increases the stock of goods for distribution and not only increases the buying power by decreasing the price of commodities, but also actually increases the wage of the worker by increasing the demand of capital for labor. That is the great big fact in thrift. It is not merely a virtue. We do not say that a manufacturer is virtuous who puts back a large portion of his earnings into his plant and equipment in order to be able to earn more. I have never heard anyone extol the virtues of the big packing companies because they have most signally increased their productivity and their earnings by, for many years past, putting back the larger share of their earnings into their packing establishments.

Thrift followed by investment is simply common sense. Thrift has not been popular because it has been represented solely as a kind of morality which might be achieved by sufficient chastisement of the soul. To my knowledge it has never been impressed upon any body of workers that they could raise their real wages more quickly by investing in industry than they could by striking against industry. Yet such is an absolute fact. I say that very few workers have ever examined into this economic equation. I might add, too, that very few employers have.

The primary thought in most stock purchasing and compulsory saving schemes is not to raise the wages of the worker by providing more efficient means of production, but the thought is rather to chain the worker to his job by representing that he will lose something concrete if he leaves. This may be disguised under the paternal anxiety of seeing that the poor fellow does not waste his money. And, probably because there has been no public instruction of the real efficacy of thrift, of the real part that it plays in the capitalistic system, there has been almost no provision for anything in the nature of systematic national thrift, no positive systematized force whose slogan will not include anything in the way of providing for future comfort or for an accumulation to be enjoyed at some future time, but whose slogan will connote something *to be enjoyed positively and in the present.*

Thrift would not thus lose any of its virtues. If one wanted to be thrifty because one was virtuous the road would be left open; if one wanted to provide against one's old age or against emergency the road would be left open. Some

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people do not so care; they are content to live from day to day. But everybody, without exception, would like to live better from day to day. And that is what national thrift can accomplish if it be systematically and intelligently put forward. Deprivation, the doing without things that ought to be had, is not thrift, but a peculiarly vicious form of thriftlessness, for then thrift, as far as that individual is concerned, is a taking away and not an adding to.

It is not popular to refer to anything German. Yet Germany, in many ways, provides the greatest example of thrift that the world has ever known. The German thrift was positive instead of negative as is the French thrift. As is well known the German population before the war was well fed and well housed; it was increasing very rapidly. The greater part of the population was steadily employed, the necessities and in fact many of the luxuries of life were cheaper than anywhere in the world. Throughout all Germany there were few slums; and even Hamburg, which is a seafaring town where the riffraff of the world might be supposed to congregate, was quite without anything which we would call slums.

The greatest outstanding reason for this enormous prosperity, in spite of the great sums spent upon the military and naval forces, in spite of the vast cost of government, in spite of the high taxes, and in spite of a rulership which always kept an eye on war, was the universal habit of saving, which habit was inculcated in the first place and then intensified until it became second nature by the provision of truly remarkable facilities for easy saving.

Provision for saving is half the battle; the other half is the desire to save springing from intelligent motives. Germany had 15,000 credit societies with about two million members and the total deposits before the war were more than 22 billion marks. They had about 3,000 public savings banks with deposits of more than 12 billion marks. In addition are the state and the provincial saving banks, the city, township, country, trade, and private banks. The institutions to receive savings are located solely with the desire to convenience the people and their banking hours are regulated to suit the same needs.

All over Germany, banks, coöperative societies, and credit societies are at hand to receive savings, and it is a part of the German's life to spend less than he earns.

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The habit of thrift is preached everywhere; the governmental offices are not extravagant, and whenever a great sum was spent in Germany, outside of the army and navy, it was to put up a public building or to improve the appearance of a municipality. I have not given figures because the present inflated condition of the currency makes figures expressed in German marks meaningless. But as an instance of what economic education of a people means—and an economic education which does not result in knowing the why and wherefore of thrift is not much of an education—is evidenced by the fact that today Germany, realizing that wealth comes only through production, is paying for such imports as it will receive, solely by production.

For instance, other countries will import leather and try to pay for it with some credit instrument. Germany will import leather only on condition that the seller agrees to receive payment in the finished products of that leather. That is, their currency having become for the time being worthless in international exchange, they will pay only in that on which currency is founded—the result of productive labor.

In contrast, we have in practically every other once belligerent country the thought among people generally that the way back to a stable basis is not through work, but through a further inflation of the currency.

Only the demagogue, inciting for a purpose, will condemn a good thing because of its origin. The German thrift has not been at the expense of living conditions; in purchasing power the German wages before the war were large. They were smaller in gross sums than the American wage but, as will some day be realized, it is not the amount of money that counts—it is what you can buy with it.

French thrift is proverbial, but there is a decided question whether it is a sort of thrift which should be recommended for emulation, for it is to a considerable extent of the negative rather than of the positive order. The French have deprived themselves to save, they have deprived themselves in essential particulars, and more of the result of saving seems to have gone out of the country for the purchase of foreign securities of countries with which France did not to any extent trade, than into the industries of France.

But is there any reason why thrift should be more important today to us here in America in the midst of prosperity

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than in times past? It is true that we have periodical waves of intense national virtue when we would not be as others are. But I have disclaimed thrift as a virtue—although I have no objection to anyone taking his thrift in that form if he chooses. Today's reason for thrift is less ethical perhaps than before, but a thousand times more urgent. It goes to the very roots of our national well-being. We are nearly to the point of "save or perish." Without savings our prosperity will vanish. And it is the comparatively small and not the large incomes that will have to provide the savings. Which is only another way of saying that the future prosperity of the country depends upon the ability of the wage-earner to save.

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

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AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITY IN THE PACIFIC

BY SYDNEY GREENBIE

THE tragedy in Europe has left Europe in the background. Civilization is rapidly veering round in the direction of the Pacific.

The facts leave us little room for speculation. Big monthly magazines hitherto featuring articles meant to supply the needs of people likely to tour Europe are now accepting readily material dealing with the Orient. Two of the best sellers in travel books this year portray life in the South Seas. At Honolulu, Hawaii, there has recently been a congress of scientists who have set for themselves the task of studying the various races in the Pacific. This summer there is to be an international Trade Congress in the Pacific. The Methodists are celebrating their Centenary of activity in the Pacific Isles this year. The World Sunday School Society Association holds its convention in Tokyo. A body of leading American business men have recently gone to Japan to study conditions. And industrial conditions in America are turning our attention to the methods by which labor problems have been handled in Australia and New Zealand.

Is this tendency purely accidental or is it fundamental to the real growth of civilization? Or is that mystic force which first urged mankind to follow the trail of glacier towards Europe and round the globe now about to complete a cycle, and the reunion of mankind to be consummated? Is it possible for all the peoples who have made themselves secure in the Pacific to come together? What peoples are there?

Twenty or thirty years ago the Pacific we now know was a vast enigma. Today we are faced with responsibilities there, colossal and mature. Then our general knowledge of

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who constituted the peoples of the Pacific was limited to the reports of sailors, or to the scientific data of Darwin and the tales of Stevenson and Melville. Today we know that whole chains of native races—Hawaiians, Samoans, Maories—are Aryans and can be and are being assimilated. The Maories will doubtless within a few generations be lost in the Britons who now own New Zealand. But we also know that such races as the Fijians and the Solomon Islanders cannot and will not yield to combination with the white race. We know that the Filipinos are in a fair way to complete self-government; that Japan is heading straight for the leadership of the Asiatic races; that China has thrown down the doors of isolation; that India is rapidly becoming industrialized. We know that Burma is a highly civilized country, that Java has had a remarkable civilization.

Yet as much as we know of the peoples of the Pacific, the ocean itself is not yet safely charted for navigation. Besides the thousands of islands with the uncountable races and mixtures, there are unknown projections which are a menace to travel. So vast are the spaces and so free the passageways however, that when I returned from Japan the *Katori-maru,* a palatial ocean liner, proceeded for two full days through a dense fog without fear of collision and without the slightest slackening of speed, coming out at the end of that period some forty miles ahead of her record in clear weather. So vast are the spaces that I have spent nearly seventy days on fast, modern ocean liners in going from San Francisco to Hawaii, down to Fiji and Samoa, on to New Zealand, up from Australia to China and Japan and back across by the most northerly route to America again. Looking at a map one thinks New Zealand, like England, is close to the continent (Australia), yet it is 1200 miles away, passage from Auckland to Sydney taking three to four days by steamer.

These vast spaces, once regarded with such awe and indifference, are now criss-crossed with a veritable net-work of steamers. From Canada to Australia three powerful vessels make punctual calls; from San Francisco to Australia another line visits Sydney regularly. From Japan to Australia monthly steamers arrive and depart with precision and with riches. From Japan to America dozens of vessels now make the 4500 miles which is the shortest northern route day in and day out. Though one rarely meets a vessel at sea on account of its size, the number of ships which trade hither and

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thither have made short shrift of the distance between the East and the West. Even the Western coast of South America is now being visited by Japanese steamers with frequent regularity. And then in the other direction there are the lines which link Europe with India and Japan.

In terms of wealth and resources, these ships indicate an activity which is sufficient to satisfy the desires of the world. In terms of people and conflicting interests, this activity arouses no little apprehension. For even though it be only copra (cocoanut oil) from the South Seas or coal from Shansi and eastern Mongolia, whether it is steel from Pittsburg or silk from Japan and wool from Australia—the materials obtainable and necessary in the normal development of all these diverse types of humanity will either weld or shatter the relations they have only just begun to establish. The weakness of any one race may mean disaster to all of them, just as the barrenness of a tiny island may cause the wreckage of a $10,000,000 vessel or become the base of operations for a scheming, belligerent nation. The tragedy of the Balkans is as nothing compared to the possible calamity which might befall us if a semi-developed Samoa should lend itself to the intrigue of a great Power eager for world domination. In spite of the vast spaces of water which separate the islands in the South Seas, natives have carried on war with each other with their primitive canoes. What might they not do as cat's-paws for imperialism? When I interviewed the democratic M. P., Yukio Ozaki in Japan not long ago, he turned, without question from me, to the subject of the fortifications of the Philippines. He pleaded that they be dismantled. In the event of that plea failing, what could Japan do, he asked, other than proceed to fortify the Marshall Islands? And writing in the *Auckland Weekly News* (N. Z.) lately, a New Zealand navalist brought up the dread spectre "Balance of Power" again, calling attention to the fact that inasmuch as Japan is a great Naval Power and America is increasing her naval strength, it is for democratic Australasia to see to it that Great Britain did not lag behind with its fleet in the Pacific—to maintain the Balance of Power. And the further sad fact was revealed that Australasia (seen in the expression of this one individual at least) did not care particularly whether in the event of conflict they were on the side of America or Japan. In fact, in view of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, this writer

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asserted that Great Britain would be bound to side with Japan against America, should there be a clash between us.

The Dominions in the Far South are in no mood, however, for being increasingly bound to Japan by any alliance Britain may wish to make. Nor, in fact, is Great Britain herself any too well satisfied with the way the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been violated in the Twenty-one Demands and the Sino-Japanese Military agreement. At the present writing the Alliance is about to be renewed—but with the prospect of some very serious alterations and guarantees. Some Britishers are recommending an Anglo-American-Japanese Agreement.

These facts must be faced. Not as alarmists crying aloud for greater preparation, but as those who realize that we must face the issue of the Pacific with positive and with earnest effort at understanding. America's position in the Pacific is not one which can be side-stepped even as it was side-stepped in regard to Europe until the war and has been since. We may have had precedents against entangling alliances with European Powers, but there are no precedents to guide us in the Pacific. Alliances are here precluded. We have committed ourselves to friendship for China and have fortified it with a return of the Boxer Indemnity in 1900. We have committed ourselves to protection over the Philippines even granting self-government. But still we have naval bases in Pago Pago, Samoa, in the Philippines and in Hawaii. Are we to navalize the Pacific, or civilize it? Are we to convert every projecting rock into a menace, or are we to be honest navigators exposing every treacherous island on maps for the use of any and every race? Are we to scramble for interests in the Pacific, or are we to so help all of the peoples to rise to strength and independence so that each will in itself be a buffer against aggression and turmoil? These are not idle questions. They point to weaknesses in our attitude to the problems of the Pacific for which we will pay in blood and treasure unless we tackle their solution at once. The " Valor of Ignorance " is not to be met with the blindness of force.

I called the head of a certain Bureau in New York on the telephone the other day to ask for a bit of information with regard to prison studies in Japan, and was met with a cold indifference which surprised me. The Japanese gentleman claims to be giving out information for the better

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understanding of the East and the West, but in fear lest my question when answered expose a condition in Japan that might not maintain that proud nation's glory, might detract from its prestige, he would not help me in the least towards obtaining that information. But though my question did not call for the remark at all, he immediately declared: "Japan's prison system is the best in the world." "I should hardly say that," I answered. He was emphatic. "But I have seen the inside of Japanese prisons," I protested. He was taken by surprise. "At least they are as good as any in the world," he thereupon urged. That not having been my purpose, I told him that I merely wanted a bit of information about some persons. But he would give me no assistance. This is an example of the "valor of ignorance" which is a greater menace to the peoples in the Pacific than all of the un-charted rocks the waters may harbor. This covering up of our weaknesses before the eyes of our neighbors is certain to lead to trouble. This putting our best foot forward, only to have the other ready for a nasty kick, is not going to induce amicable relations. If there is an ideal worthy of emulation in any race in the Pacific, let us know it and honor it. If there is a sore which needs scientific political treatment, let us attend to it. Our problems in the Pacific are well-defined, if we will but look for them; our obligations are clear, if we will but undertake them courageously.

What are these problems and these obligations?

They are these. The first is that of the development of the peoples who have through the strange machinations of fate been left in as primitive a state as though there were no such thing as progress. We are not going to better things by following the luring vagaries of men disgusted with civilization who come to us with reports of the delectability of things primitive as compared with things commercialized. We are not going to solve our problem as we did with the coming of Japan into the range of the world—by adulation. Today we are suffering from the effects of having made Japanese feel that they are perfect and to be adored. The problem is one of unadulterated education, of education in the simple arts of self-support individually, and self government racially. Owing to a bit of education, I have seen even the delinquent Fiji islander look like a gentleman from Broadway, without any of this "gentleman's" offensive affectations.

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But if our efforts are to be fruitful we must avoid abstract education which leads to hair-splitting. It is to be education in the fundamentals—education in the use of hands and brain for self-support and happiness. It is to be education of ourselves as well as of those we wish to elevate.

But the problem is even deeper than that. Merely elevating other races will not preclude conflict. Germany was well educated and on a level if not in many ways superior to the nations round about her. That very development created friction. And the talk of Japan as a menace is largely due to the fact that Japan has grown out of the lowly state in which her exclusionists had placed her for two hundred and fifty years. As yet China is no "menace," for China has still her teeming hordes who curtail each other's usefulness.

Nor will the problem of our relationship with the people of the Pacific be solved by the effort of labor to keep up its own high standards by the exclusion of those of lower standard.

Nor will the problem be solved by our assuming more and more protectorates over simple nations unused to the tricks of diplomacy.

Our problem will only be solved by working assiduously for international coöperation. The consortium now established by America, England, France and Japan for loans to China is a promise of coöperation—but it has a shady fallacy lurking about. Our problem will clear away when all nations establish departments open to civil service appointments of people who will enter the field of education and uplift work without other compensation possible than that of an honest salary. There should be a Department of Education for the Pacific in which the people of the United States do out of their own funds what we did in China out of the moneys paid in the Boxer Indemnity. This Department would study the races of the Pacific with a view to finding what are the special requirements of each particular people and how they can be supplied. No abstract subjects should be promulgated. There should be a Bureau of Social Hygiene and Sanitary Engineering recruited from the American student body with luring pay drawing thousands of young physicians and engineers out into the various Pacific Islands to study the questions of the eradication of disease and the care of body and mind. There should be a

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Bureau of Civics and International Law carrying to the peoples of the Pacific whose simplicity lays them open to the chicanery of political parasites the simple truths of human relationships as we understand them. So the entire fabric of civilization might be spread over the waters of the Pacific. But to guard against the possibility of some sword piercing it and rending it must come the voice of civilization calling shame upon the present practices of any nation now operating in the Pacific in other than pacific ways.

All this must be done not by America alone, but by all the people now in a position to coöperate. Just as Japan codified her laws and changed them in conformity with those of the West, so as to regain full rights over foreigners in her own territory, so must all the nations reorganize their laws in conformity with the best interests of all. There must be judges in all lands who know the laws of other lands as well as their own and an attempt be made to bring them all in greater conformity to a universal standard of justice—of right and wrong. There must be educators set to work studying the educational systems of nations on the Pacific so as to bring the methods more and more in line with each other. There must be Departments of Health advising each other how to so remedy conditions as to eliminate the danger of spread of plague. It is not enough that we have an excellent department of health vigilant in the exclusion of plague —our department of health should coöperate with that of Japan and of Australasia—and of every island in the Pacific. In other words, we must realize that the problems of every group anywhere in the world effect for good or ill our own welfare.

Our problem in the Pacific is therefore ten times more complicated than that which faced the powerful nations of Europe in the Balkans. While the diversity of nations was great in Europe, in the Pacific it is greater. But while the relationship in the Balkans was in some cases close, not only in sheer propinquity, but in development, in the Pacific not only is the blood running in the veins of the races in many cases extremely alien, one to the other, but the distances separating them in space and in development make coöperation and getting together difficult. This makes it easier for selfish nations to place themselves as wedges between them. The scramble after mandates in the Pacific indicates the recognition of their importance.

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But in reverse ratio—insofar as the races of the Pacific have none of the irritating intimacy which obtained in Europe, the problem is clearer. The repetition of the intrigues which Germany, through her daughter on the Russian throne, could carry out, is here impossible. Only once in my knowledge was royal intermarriage attempted and it proved a failure. The Japanese changed their law against the marriage of their royalty with royalty of another race —Korea—and to forestall it, we are told, the ex-Emperor of Korea committed suicide. The insurrection followed a year ago last March. The marriage has since taken place, but Korea is no longer an independent Empire.

The more pronounced differences of race should perhaps be recognized—but recognized with sympathy. Each race then presents its own problems. But over all must come recognition of the commonality of man. This does not mean international fawning and flattering of one another. Racial equality must be admitted, but not as Japan sponsored it—with the existence of her own castes and classes, and the oppression of Korea and the use of "distinction" as an argument against universal suffrage which Premier Hara just made, but in full recognition of the latent possibilities in all peoples. Japan in fact regards herself as infinitely superior to all mankind. So do we. But that must be replaced by realization of the historical worthiness of Orientals as well as Caucasians.

We have in the Pacific as stated a great number of races in varying degrees of development. Most of them know little of each other and hate each other less. They have never been close enough for serious conflict—and they need never be. We can instill in them through educational channels a regard for each other which all the love-potions in the world could not pour into the races of Europe—inured to war and slaughter and religious bigotry. Our responsibility in the Pacific lies directly on that path. To the credit of the German Governor-General of Samoa it must be said that when he realized that the New Zealand forces had taken the islands, he was found councilling the natives against rising in rebellion. Smaller minds among the Germans tried otherwise. It seems to me that one solution for this type of problem in the Pacific would be for the Powers to allow not even mandates of Australasia and Japan and America over islands in the Pacific, but where no possession has been

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established, and where islanders are not civilized enough to rule themselves, to institute international jurisdiction. German Samoa should be ruled jointly by Australasia, Japan and America; so should the Marshall Islands—and in every other group of islands where sufficient nationals resident warrant it. This is done in Shanghai with apparent satisfaction.

A dangerous tendency is creeping into the relations of foreigners in the East. One of the great Powers is taking a cue from fallen Germany by trying to galvanize her nationals so as to make them a force for her supremacy. The establishment of schools which shall teach the children the ideals of the mother country and other disintegrating practices are suggested. But it seems that these self-same methods might be used in a more general way. Could not America set the pace for a different undertaking? Could not all Americans in every corner of the Pacific make of themselves groups for the better relations of all foreigners there? When we take into consideration the fact that international comity and antipathy are fostered in a very great measure by the actions of alien representatives, the advance guard of business, the import of this suggestion will strike home.

There is but one great obstacle to any peaceful solution of the problems of the Pacific, an obstacle that can be overcome only by a rapid evolution or revolution. Even as the forces for the people are at work in China, now bound no more by the swaddling clothes of messy imperialism, so must they be encouraged in Japan whose bureaucracy is today entangling not only her own liberal elements, but a greater and greater number of nations in the Pacific.

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

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THE LATEST MENACE OF THE MOVIES

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A PERSON of taste and intelligence, who frequents th theatre in New York with discrimination, finds much to in terest and stimulate him, and would be hard put, perhap to realize how utterly barren of solid dramatic fare th smaller cities of the country are. To these smaller citi a generation ago came most of the well-known "stars" an most of the successful plays, stopping for a night and pas ing on. Sometimes there would be one visitor a week, som times two, three, or even more if the city was large enoug to support so many. Since the development of the motic pictures, however, there has been an astonishing chang Shown at first in small, cheap houses down a side street, the movies progressed rapidly into the main thoroughfares, and then took possession of the playhouses themselves. The managers for a while looked upon them as a gap-filler, something to keep the doors open and the pennies coming in, after Sothern and Marlowe left on Tuesday, until John Drew came on Friday. But it was not long before the managers discovered that the profits from the films were more than the profits from the plays; a film is rented for a comparatively small fee, and no part of the receipts has to be shared, nor paid out to stage hands. Besides, it was not long before the small city public, by and large, developed a preference for the "silent drama," in part because it was cheaper, in part because it was less of a tax on the attention. Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a city of over 40,000 people (I cite it because it is near my home), had one theatre devoted to legitimate drama. Even within a decade, this theatre has housed for two seasons an excellent stock company, and on its stage have appeared players like Mrs.

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Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, and John Drew. During the past winter, barring a musical comedy or two advertised on its salacious appeal, there have been, as I recall, a scant half dozen dramas of the so-called first class presented in the city, and one of them was a new play being tuned up for an opening in New York. The theatre is now, in reality, only a movie house. There are not less than four other movie theatres in the city—and one small book store! So far as Pittsfield is concerned, the spoken drama might not exist, even on the printed page. Does any critic complain that our dramatists write only for Broadway? Good gracious, it is that, or nothing!

But now the movies are invading Broadway itself, in a new and startling form. Backed by enormous capital, real or potential—the product of their prosperity, and the goodwill of Wall Street looking for fresh investment fields—certain movie companies, notably one called "The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation," are actually controlling the production of spoken dramas. Why should they trouble to do this? Because they are desperate for material, and they have discovered that a popular play, especially if it is acted by a popular player, starts its subsequent career as a movie with the great advantage of prestige and aroused expectancy. "Broadway" is still a magic word beyond the Mississippi—even just beyond the Hudson; and, oddly enough, men and women who will not cross the street to see a spoken drama in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, think more highly of a movie if it is acted by a Barrymore, and based on some drama they have read about. I do not know—probably nobody knows—how many thousands of movie theatres there are in America today. There are so many, at any rate, that the demand for new picture stories to supply their screens each week is ludicrously in excess of any humanly possible ability to produce worthy material. Nine-tenths of all movies are bound automatically to be trash. Moreover, one follows so fast on the flicker of another, as they impinge on the jaded eyes and shallow brain of the typical spectator, that something violent is needed or something unusual to awaken his enthusiasm and renew his interest. The successful stage play supplies the movie producer with material that has been worked out already into an art form supposedly rather nearly allied with his own; and it supplies an element of the unusual to awaken his patrons. That is

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the reason why the movie producers are invading Broadway.

For example, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has purchased the theatrical business of the late Charles Frohman, which includes control of the famous Empire Theatre, a playhouse with perhaps the highest and most exacting standard of any in the country. Frohman always reserved its stage for his best plays, his most accomplished actors—Drew, Gillette, Miss Barrymore, Miss Maude Adams. On that stage all this past winter Miss Barrymore has been acting *Déclassée,* an extraordinarily successful though mediocre drama. It now seems certain that this play will be made into a movie, and Miss Barrymore will again act it before the screen. Probably, to be sure, exactly the same thing would have happened if her managers had not been a motion picture company; what troubles us is rather the wonder what the next play will be which this company mounts on the aristocratic Empire stage. What will become of those high dramatic standards when the new standard of ultimate fitness for movie production begins to operate at its full?—for, of course, as soon as a movie producer begins to select plays for the spoken stage, he will choose, as between two claimants, the one which seems to him the better adapted for subsequent use on the screen. He could not humanly do otherwise.

It has further transpired that it was a movie company which financed the production of Eugene O'Neill's grim naturalistic tragedy, *Beyond the Horizon* (which might seem, at first glance, to give the lie to the conclusion of the last paragraph), and the production of Arnold Bennett's *Sacred and Profane Love,* with Elsie Ferguson as the star. Furthermore, a movie company has publicly announced that it will back any producer who wishes to put on a play, provided it seems to them a play ultimately adaptable to the screen. Much would seem to depend upon what they consider adaptable to the screen. If they consider *Beyond the Horizon* adaptable, and if they consider the plays of G. B. Shaw adaptable (it is reported that $1,000,000 was offered to Shaw for the film rights to all his plays), then it might be said that it is a little hard to see just how the entrance of the movie companies into the "legitimate" field is going to do quite all the terrible things some of the managers say it is.

But do the movie magnates really consider these things

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adaptable? Would *Beyond the Horizon,* for example, even granting that it could be reproduced as a movie, have any elements of popularity with the average screen audiences? On the other hand, will the splendid critical praise it has won, and the admiration it has excited among the few who care for serious and searching art, be far-reaching enough to have any advertising value in Pittsfield, Massachusetts? It was warmly commended in our intellectual weeklies, but you cannot purchase even the mildest of our intellectual weeklies in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Surely the movie companies are not interested in naturalistic tragedy for its own sake. If it shows no profits on the screen, exit naturalistic tragedy. Shaw's name, of course, is one to juggle with. Nearly everybody has heard of Shaw. But they had not when Arnold Daly took him up. Would a movie company have discovered *Candida* and *You Never Can Tell?* Would these plays have looked like promising movies? Try to imagine a movie of *The Importance of Being Earnest,* for that matter, or of *The Mollusk.* It seems a pretty safe assumption that only so long as the movie companies are content with a passive financing of dramatic production, leaving the managers and, far more, the actors, free as of old to pick what interests them for production, will the stage remain, even in New York, at its present level of intelligence.

One of the New York newspapers, interviewing various managers on the subject, drew from A. H. Woods, purveyor-in-chief of bedroom farces, the frank admission that he knew of two dramatic producers only who were primarily interested in the art of the theatre—Winthrop Ames and Arthur Hopkins. All the rest put on plays to get the most money out of them, and if more money was to be got by putting on such plays as best pleased the movie people, instead of such plays as best pleased the relatively small critical public in New York, why then their theatres would be more or less at the disposal of the movie crowd. This is certainly meeting the motion picture producers quite halfway. It appears to mean the imposition on much of the spoken drama of the standards of the screen.

Probably no digression is needed in this place to show what those standards are. Any thoughtful person who has attended a half-dozen ordinary motion picture programmes knows the fatal restrictions of the medium, knows the com-

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plete absence from the average screen drama of intellectual body and balance, the complete absence, in fact, of everything which makes the spoken drama, at its best, so noble a thing, except the quick emotional appeal which can be roused by physical action, by pantomime and the expression of the human face—in short, by those elements of drama which can be photographed. Since a profound weakness of our native drama has always been its dependence on physical action, and it has only in comparatively recent years been painfully winning its way to higher things, the imposition upon it of motion-picture standards is most decidedly a step backward, even if all screen dramas strove for the utmost advance in artistic suggestion of which they are capable. Alas, however, very few of them do this. The vast majority are content with the trite, the obvious, the trashy and lurid, with slapstick farce and ridiculous melodrama; they are false to life, turgid, sentimental, the twentieth century substitute for dime novels and nickel shockers. When once our theaters begin to produce dramas not with an eye single to dramatic effectiveness, but rather to subsequent screen popularity, the serious dramatist, the ambitious actor, the artist in stagecraft, will be out of a job.

Temporarily, that is. I am by no means sure but that, in the long run, the result of this latest invasion by the Philistines will be beneficial. Arthur Hopkins, for example, is, as Mr. Woods says, one at least among the theatrical managers who is interested in the theatre as an art. He controls a playhouse of his own, wherein he has shown us plays like *The Jest,* Gorki's *The Lower Depths,* Tolstoi's *Redemption,* and *Richard III.* He has made a serious actor out of John Barrymore, and he has, above all others, given Robert E. Jones the opportunity to develop into a scenic artist of rare insight and power, ranking with the great Europeans. Since Mr. Hopkins has found an appreciative public for his theatre, and, apparently, has made a comfortable living, what is to prevent him from retaining all those artists whose devotion to the spoken drama and its allied arts is greater than their love of movie gold—and there are many such!—and establishing a repertory theatre? Again, the Theatre Guild, in its two years of existence, has given New York *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg,* as well as other fine productions. It has developed scenic artists and actors. The spirit behind it is one of devotion to the

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arts of the theatre, not to Mammon, the God of the movies. What is to prevent its becoming another nucleus for a permanent theatre?

For a long time now we have proceeded in this country on the assumption that the only workable theatrical system is the ridiculously wasteful one of organizing a fresh company for every new play, and keeping that one company at that one play till every city in the country had seen it which wanted to. How far this system was a natural evolution, and how far it was artificially fostered by monopolistic control of the country's playhouses, is a question I cannot argue here. At any rate, anything which tends to smash this system is certainly not wholly a curse. Under any ideal system, a new play of importance would be presented simultaneously in a hundred theatres through the land, in each case by a fixed, resident company. Only thus can we ever develop anything approaching a national art consciousness, for only thus can all the country be considering the same things at the same time. And only through the existence of repertory companies can a place be made on our stage for the scores upon scores of fine plays which cannot reasonably be expected to run a hundred nights on Broadway, or anywhere else, and which hence are not now produced at all, because it would not pay to organize a special company for their presentation. The reason Europe has so many of these plays, and we so few, is because of the European system of production far more than because of any inherent superiority of talent among European playwrights.

Still further, under our present system Broadway is a chaos. The Empire Theatre has a standard, Mr. Hopkins' theatre has a standard, the Belasco Theatre has a standard —of a sort; but what others? Who, even the wisest, can predict from the name of a theatre the character of performance he will find therein? The managers say that play-production is a gamble. The public knows that play-attendance is! Amid such chaos, a repertory theatre, once established and known, would be a Gibraltar of stability, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Well, suppose the Famous Players-Lasky company (the company, by the way, which made a movie of Barrie's *Admirable Crichton* and changed the name to *Male and Female* because they feared—perhaps with reason—that the public would think it was "something about the navy"!)

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do get control of half the theatres and three-fourths of the managers in New York and cause to be produced on their stages only such spoken dramas as will please the kind of people who, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, go to the movies three times a week, and such as will translate successfully into the silly trash and trumpery of screen dramas;—what of it? If half a dozen managers and fine actors and brilliant scenic designers, who are in the theatre because they love it, because they are artists, stand true to the faith, there will inevitably be created half a dozen theatres with more or less permanent companies, where those remnants of the American people who still believe man has in his head and in his heart more things than can be conveyed by pantomime, lifted eyebrows and a well-aimed custard pie, may repair to hear the music of Shakespeare's verse, to sit under the spell of Robert Jones' suggestive scenery—so far removed from the stark and ugly reality of the camera—to follow the crackle of Shaw's wit, to listen to the whimsies of J. M. Barrie, to rouse to the challenges of Galsworthy's social passion; in short, to enjoy the noble art of the drama. Some order will emerge at last from what has long been chaos; the sheep and the goats will be sharply divided. There will be theatres; and places of amusement. The dramatists who write not for the stage, but for the profits, will write for the places of amusement, merely filling in movie scenarios with dialogue, just as a host of our popular novelists are doing today. But the Rex Beaches and the Louis Joseph Vances and the Rupert Hughes have not caused Mr. Wells nor Mr. Walpole to give up in despair, nor our own Joseph Hergesheimer. There is still a place for literature in spite of the movies. There will still be a place for the drama, in spite of the movies. The invasion in the one field does not promise, in reality, to be any more serious than in the other, except that it demands a larger physical readjustment, since a play has to be viewed by a thousand people at once, in a theatre.

The future, of course, belongs to the theatrical artists of vision, ideals, impelling conscience. There are many of them. There have always been many of them. No other art has ever commanded a more undivided love, a more concentrated devotion, than the art of the spoken drama. Nor was this art ever more widely appreciated and studied by more thoughtful people than today, at the very time when

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it seems to be in such danger. Its professional followers, its host of amateur lovers, scattered hitherto, dividing their efforts, often wasting them, will, it is quite possible, be driven to find one another in union. The beginnings of true repertory theatres will first be made in New York, of course. But they will not stop there. If the movie companies and their allied theatrical managers control the theatres in other cities, booking for tour only their own attractions, then repertory theatres will arise in Chicago, Indianapolis, San Francisco, and many other cities, even, perhaps, in the course of time in Boston, so that the minority who are not now and never can be satisfied with the trash of the movies may hear and enjoy the finer art of the drama. The prospect, after all, is depressing only as it shows the enormous hold the movies have on the mass of the American people. Any people who can be content with the false and sentimental twaddle of the average movie drama, even if it is low-priced, who can find relaxation in an art so childish and crude and utterly devoid of mental stimulation, utterly lacking, as a rule, in any call to the powers of concentration or reflection, utterly without beauty or glamor, is a people deficient, certainly, in mentality and esthetic sensitiveness. The true theatre could never have been for them, and the sooner the line is drawn sharply, the better for the theatre—if the worse for them.

And yet—and yet—there is another possibility. There is a possibility that the movie magnates may discover, to their discomfiture, that the hundreds of thousands of Americans who still go to the theatre are not, after all, entirely devoid of civilized instincts. They may discover that Shakespeare and G. B. Shaw, Henry Miller and Mrs. Fiske, Galsworthy and John Barrymore, are admired because they possess just those qualities of beauty, glamor, intellectual body, finesse, which the movies lack, and that to produce plays which are mere scenarios with dialogue is not to court success but failure. The movie magnates may be driven either to let the players still have their own way, or retire from the field altogether. The Famous Players-Lasky company and the rest may be just a trifle like the famous frog in the fable. However, time will tell, and perhaps it is wisest to wait for the verdict of that unimpeachable authority.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

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WHAT KIND OF A "MENACE" ARE THE MOVIES?

BY JESSE L. LASKY

(Vice-President, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation)

I HAVE been asked by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to answer Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton's article, "The Latest Menace of the Movies," in which he mentions particularly the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as the force "backed by enormous capital . . . actually controlling the production of spoken drama." He believes that this "control" is a menace to the stage.

Mr. Eaton tells in one paragraph of the low standards of the motion picture, and in another points out that we produced on the stage *Beyond the Horizon, Déclassée,* and Arnold Bennett's *Sacred and Profane Love,* which have been favorably mentioned in magazines of high ideals and low circulation. He speaks as if we had only recently been interested in the production of plays on the stage, when as a matter of fact we have owned Charles Frohman, Inc., for nearly a year, and all the details for the production of *Beyond the Horizon, Déclassée;* and *Sacred and Profane Love* were made by our organization.

He admits that we have done rather well by the spoken drama thus far, but for some reason fears that we cannot keep it up. He believes that we will produce only plays fit for the screen, and that plays fit for the screen are of a low standard. He gives us no credit for the steady advance in the quality of motion picture productions in the last few years. He does not grant that we are trying to improve motion pictures. All he does say is that we are trying to drag down the stage.

A year ago we found ourselves in this condition as regards motion pictures: we had talented directors, actors, photographers and scenic artists. But many of the stories

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we were receiving, even though we paid as high as $75,000 for them, were not so good as they should have been. We could not get the genuinely original, entertaining, and wholesome stories that we knew the motion picture needed if it was to continue to advance or even to hold its place as the most interesting part of our American life.

We decided to go to the stage for help in getting better stories. We had found that no matter what price we paid, we could not get the best work from the best dramatists for original screen production. They thought that anything would do for the movies. They would spend a year writing a play that might live only a month and draw only 100,000 persons, but they would not give more than a week to writing a scenario for motion pictures that might live for years and play to millions.

We felt that the way to interest these writers in motion pictures was to produce their plays, to go into the realm of the speaking stage to see if we could not find there material suited to our needs. There was no thought of dragging dramatists down to the level of the average motion picture plot. We wanted to lift the movies up to the level of the best stories on the speaking stage.

All we wanted to do was to produce good things on the stage. If these plays would do for motion pictures, we would believe ourselves fortunate. If not, at least we would have gained much in establishing good will with the authors whose aid we needed in the construction of motion pictures for intelligent persons.

Our experiment has not been a great success. We have found that the screen can borrow very little from the stage. All the time that we thought we were working by ourselves, we were merely reflecting the stage, and although we hear a great deal about the high ideals of our drama, as a whole its standards are too low for the motion picture to accept.

The motion picture is a part of the people. They are the ones who have given it its strength, and they are the ones who are demanding from it better things than the stage has ever given. It is because the motion picture has filled a place that the stage cannot, that the drama is dying, while the motion picture is growing greater.

We must serve the public, and we do not serve it by producing as motion pictures plays like *John Ferguson* and *Jane Clegg* or *The Jest,* which appeal to ten thousand where

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the motion picture appeals to ten million. We can produce plays like *Beyond the Horizon,* and we shall continue to do so—mostly for our own satisfaction—but we shall be happier when we put on the stage and on the screen wholesome, happy, inspiring plays for the multitudes.

The stage has failed because it has not helped the public. In the small towns the drama killed itself with second, third, and fourth companies, advertised as "The Original Broadway Production," at Broadway prices. The motion picture can give Broadway casts at motion picture prices.

I would rather be the producer of *Huckleberry Finn,* which has played to millions, than the producer of *Beyond the Horizon*—although the latter will bring more comment from persons who believe that a work that is popular never can be the product of a genius.

Perhaps the motion picture *is* a menace to the drama. But it is the sort of a menace that the drama needs. It will make the speaking stage clean up; it will make it impossible for Number 4 companies to get two dollars a seat in Keokuk; it will kill the profit in the road companies that played Broadway failures in one-night stands and got away with the money because nobody knew how bad the show was until after it had gone.

The drama has not anything to boast about. Its average is disgracefully low. It has failed the public, which has turned to the motion picture. Motion pictures have been stupid, many still are stupid, but there are more good motion pictures to be had than there are good plays.

Mr. Eaton suggests a stock company in every city, with a repertoire of good plays. He admits it is economically impossible, because the public would not support the plan. Why not a motion picture theatre in every town playing repertoire? I could give him a list of fine motion pictures —*Treasure Island,* John Barrymore in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; *Huckleberry Finn*; *The Sea Wolf*; George Loane Tucker's *The Miracle Man*; Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*; *Prunella*; *Stella Maris*; *The Copperhead*; *Everywoman*—and others—that would keep a motion picture theatre going forever, playing nothing but motion pictures of a standard far higher than that of the drama.

I would play Cecil DeMille's *Male and Female,* which Mr. Eaton pauses to criticize because Barrie's original title, *The Admirable Crichton,* was changed. *The Admirable*

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Crichton is a bad title. Better, I believe, to give a production a title that will make people go to see a good show, than to retain a title that will keep them away. The new title is from the Biblical quotation, *Male and female created He them,* which is the entire title of the picture, as Mr. Eaton knows if he saw the production.

Male and Female brought Barrie to hundreds of thousands. It increased the reading of Barrie's work and the demand for his plays. Some persons have criticized us because we made some changes in adapting Barrie's work. I know of no one better qualified to judge of the fairness of the changes than the author, who has gone on record as approving the change in title as well as the interpretation of his play by Mr. DeMille.

Critics often raise their voices in condemnation because in translating a drama or a novel for the screen we make changes in the original story. The screen is a medium of expression entirely different from the spoken drama, and changes are invariably necessary. Even plays, the saying goes, are "rewritten, rather than written."

The authors whose work we changed have made no complaint. We produced Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird,* and he is going to write original scripts for the screen. We produced *The Admirable Crichton,* and Barrie is now writing a screen play for us. We produced several plays written by Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Jones has completed a drama that will be produced by us in motion pictures before it is put on the stage.

This is the sort of coöperation the motion picture is seeking, the sort of thing that is going to take good plays into thousands of towns, instead of into the hundred that Mr. Eaton would honor with stock companies.

The motion picture producer is in much the same position as the librarian of a public library. He wants to elevate the taste of the public, but he also must supply the demand for popular stories. The librarian would rather give out inspiring books than popular books, but to supply the public's demand he must compromise, and be satisfied in attempting to develop in a reader a taste for better things.

We would rather produce inspiring pictures, but the public demands "popular" themes. Mr. Eaton cannot understand a company that can produce *Beyond the Horizon* with the same force that produces a popular motion picture,

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so he misunderstands us. He cannot conceive of a man who can think in the terms of the best motion pictures as well as in the terms of the best drama. Most of our stage producers thought of motion picture rights long before we began to think of stage rights for our motion picture plays. But the stage producers thought of motion picture rights as "easy money." We went into stage production in an effort to improve the quality of our own productions.

We find that we can help the stage more than the stage can help us. Rather than enter into such an inequitable arrangement we shall be forced to go into direct competition with the stage and build ourselves with our own hands rather than ask help from the speaking stage.

We shall continue to produce for the speaking stage, but our great effort shall be to get the greatest writers to write for motion pictures alone in an effort to bring to us first their best work. English authors seem to be more ready than Americans to do this, but I believe that in America the rush for "easy money" by authors will soon halt, and that the best writers we have will realize that it is their duty to the world to select for the transmission of their ideas the medium that reaches the greatest number, namely, the motion picture.

Motion pictures will always be made for the family unit. We shall always be trying to entertain ten million rather than ten thousand, but we shall always be trying to improve the minds and the ideals of that ten million, furnishing inspiration that will lead to better living throughout the nation.

We shall not "dominate" even twenty percent of the stage productions, and our stage productions will, we can assure you, be far above the average of the general run of stage productions. The successes will be made into motion pictures, for there is hardly a successful play produced that cannot be made into a good motion picture.

But we shall not depend upon the stage for our ideals or our supply of actors or authors or directors. We do not need them to "elevate" the screen. We shall develop our own artists and our own authors to the end that Pittsfield, Mass., shall be able to see more fine motion pictures in a month than it formerly saw plays in a year.

JESSE L. LASKY.

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DISASTER AND POETRY

A Study of James Thomson (B. V.)

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

POETRY takes both the foot of the tight-rope walker and an astronomer's eye for the stars,—and men grow dizzy. The question is whether the type of man who is perfectly equipped to enjoy life would write poetry? Whether it is not very often—if not always—suffering or disease or disaster which brings to him the will to create? Is there not in the very act of creation a setting aside of that greater quality which is life itself? Will not the arts mark for their own that man or women upon whom meditation, hesitation, even crippling, has laid its pause and its silence? One greater than James Thomson wrote:

> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

It is possible that in the assumption that a man's work is greater than himself—that is, that art is of more value than life itself—there is some emphasis which leads to disease, and something mawkish, a little flabby, bandying, as this assumption does, the words "divine," "inspiration," "genius."

Of the custodian values of poetry to society none is greater than the truth. Any other emphasis results either in sentimentalizing life or in the arrival of Mrs. Grundy ready to go into action, her awe-inspiring Victorian bonnet tied firmly under her plump and respectable chin. It was the shadow of this bonnet thrown across his love for beauty—his poetry—which made Swinburne, the bright-haired, dance and chatter and spout insult and outrage. It is a shadow hard for any poet, any lover of truth and beauty, to endure. Yet, indeed, the very conditions which have created the best in the arts, have made Mrs. Grundy possible.

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It is only when men have in their development achieved some leisure that she walks in. Against all the laws of material progress, art does not spring out of want. It takes its rise in margins of energy and leisure, for it is spiritual and its law the reverse of that which is material. Men have to possess, grow a little ennuye with their possession, consider, and then and then only, when the Joys of gross material wealth are already lessening, does art come into its own.

James Thomson frequently refers to himself as a cynic. Yet he has social imagination that might have led him on to considerable power. Nevertheless Thomson never set himself wholeheartedly to any reform, political, social, moral. Even where he gives us a social document, as, for example, in *Low Life,* it is somehow not of value. Only in his greatest poem, *The City of Dreadful Night,* do we have material power. Where his feeling is valuable it is because it is a matter of experience and not of theory. Poets are not only the "unacknowledged legislators of the world," they are also the greatest sociologists. As a rule leaders in a cause lack ability to see two sides. But Thomson's inability to give himself to a cause might be intellectual honesty, or again it might be lack of moral conviction. Which? Some sense of futility there was about him. Was this sense that of struggling against his own weakness or against fate?

Social belief—faith in the value of human life and human endeavor—goes deeper than habit, for it has the power to shape habit. Some enervation there was at work in the very engine room of Thomson's thinking. In his work and that of other poets at that time, I think, it was a form of sentimentalism, that had misled into pessimism,—all the silly, shallow, tinselly, egotistical hopes which when science took them away their owners cried out for like spoiled children and would not be comforted. This curious attitude toward science can be seen in Thomson's *Naked Goddess.*

Man suffers from the assumptions of his own egotism. He assumes that the universe is made for him and then because he cannot have all he wants, he sets up the demon of pessimism for himself and others. Human nature is discontented often because it longs to possess everything for all time, and attempts to put eternity in its pocket. This is but one expression of the grasping or greedy character of egotism to which all too often the word "spiritual" is ap-

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plied. Any man with any tragic experience whatsoever judging life solely or largely by his personal knowledge of it is bound to be a pessimist. James Thomson writes in *Essays and Phantasies:* "Having made us take part in this poor puzzling game of life, she has taken care that all the rules shall be unfavorable to us: the cards are marked, the dice are loaded, we are always swindled." But this assigns conscious intention to that which is without intention. In a healthy creature the mere organic possession of life is not a little gift, not a little pleasure. Why all this railing by these over-developed egotists,—not only these individual tragedies like this of James Thomson, but all these rancorous disillusioned figures, for example, of Conrad's? A patient study of science could tell a man something about those pleasures which he may legitimately expect,—and about the inevitable! One can believe in God without deciding what it is God shall do for one. There is precisely nothing of that fine, steady, healthful spirit of inquiry, science has brought us, that courageous spirit which can set aside the whimperings of egotism and face facts. This is the trouble with narrow expressions of religion, such as the faith of the Irvingites, the faith of Thomson's mother and therefore of inescapable influence upon Thomson. They plot out all the inches of heaven and decide upon the unknown and the unknowable.

Henry Salt's Biography starts with the preconceived idea that Thomson's pessimism is the all-dominant note of his life and his work. To this end all information is bent. By actual count there are more poems expressing joy than pessimism. The distinction is a distinction in force and not a numerical difference. The strongest of his poems—those alone which matter very much to posterity—are pessimistic. The deep-seatedness of this attitude towards life is incontrovertible but it is not without contradiction. It is possible to apply to Thomson's pessimism the word "pathological." But if this is done, it should be remembered that there are types of optimism as pathological, due to the quick-burning of disease, as for example, the buoyant hopefulness created by tuberculosis. The causes for Thomson's pessimism were several: his inheritance, sorrow which came to him in the loss of his love, physical and mental suffering, a generous and sensitive imagination which saw the bitter lot of multitudes of the unfortunate, constant anxiety about

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his own financial condition, and defective energy which broke down whenever too great strain was put upon it.

He valued his own intellectual liberty greatly. More than once bitter and true is the penetration of his wit as, for example, in his essay on *The Speedy Extinction of Evil and Misery*. Fearless he is, too. "Christianity," he writes, "was founded by the poor Jew Jesus (not at all the same person as our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, with whom he has been commonly and stupidly confounded, but indeed an immensely better character than the said Lord and Savior)." So in a phrase, does he brush aside the accretions of men's selfishness, vanity and cowardice. He will attack the most powerful in the world of art with an amiable ferocity that leaves nothing to be desired, at least in courage, and which very often tells the truth. Thomson places *The Lotus Eaters* as the best work "of our weak and exquisite Tennyson." This is fearless criticism with a grain of truth in it. With no less fearlessness does he tilt at Longfellow:

> The sublime *Excelsior* is very popular at present, but I doubt whether any man (soft curates, Sunday school teachers, and tea meeting muffs who think beer and tobacco certain perdition, excepted) ever read the adventures of its lofty hero without ejaculating, "The ineffable ass! The infernal idiot!"

Although James Thomson thinks along his own lines, he is, too, thoroughly British in his sharing of insular prejudices: he refers to one idea of Emerson's as "sheer vulgar Yankee-republican." His attitude towards Americans—based on a few months spent in the wilds of Colorado—is the usual one. Beginning with the flaying of our vulgarity, he follows in the footsteps of Dickens, Matthew Arnold, and our other appreciative guests who unlike Bryce, who knew his America before he wrote about it, come determined to find us English because a handful of brave and splendid Englishmen came here in the early seventeenth century. Finding us a vast and bewildering conglomerate of an age in social geology whose forces they do not understand, they call names rudely and take their British playthings and go home like the pampered pets of civilization they have been.

Yet—probably for want of a balance wheel—most of Thomson's power came to nothing. In his personal life he rejected the friendship of the one man who stabilized him, who kept his forces in any sense directed and ordered. To

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have cast aside such a friend as Charles Bradlaugh as Thomson did, after so many years of friendship, was indeed neurotic folly of the worst order. Nothing could so point to his central instability as the fact of this deed. In a cause or a friendship that was his, Bradlaugh was a man of the highest integrity, of the greatest generosity, of absolute fearlessness. Even his enemies had to admit the fine quality of Bradlaugh. The only thing which can be said for Thomson is that he was so ill that he knew not what he did,—and that already he had turned his face towards death.

Personal magnetism must not be confused with Thomson's position as an artist. There can be no question but that he had in distinguished measure personal attraction, a sort of hypnotic influence over all human beings who came into contact with him. It is interesting to see the way in which this legend of James Thomson has been woven: the man of genius who has done so much great work that was unappreciated. The legend is due to the magnetism of his lovable personality, the loving indiscrimination of his editors and biographers, and the tragedy of his own life. He did three poems of the second or third rank: *In the Room, The City of Dreadful Night, Insomnia.* A few of England's best like Meredith, Rossetti and George Eliot, found power in this poetry, and a few of the world's best men and women always will, however pitifully unfulfilled that power may be. Nevertheless I feel that this lure of his personality has done more than anything else to invalidate the work of contemporary criticism of Thomson.

Thomson was unspoiled by the attention of his friends. There was nothing that they could do which could have made him conceited or egotistical. Of that saturnalia for position, that "scalping" of every person or opportunity within reach of the literary tomahawk, he would have nothing to do. Methodical in his habits, orderly by nature, hard-working, only the inroads of his disease could destroy his sturdy efficiency. His education was self-acquired and acquired in the face of constant poverty and in darkest drudgery. He was not in a hurry to rush into print. This may have been due to his lack of business instinct, but it was more probably the result of his innate modesty. Modesty is one of the qualities which is most lovable in James Thomson. He possessed it with such grace, such a sense of humor,

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humor that did not desert him even in his most abject moments:

> Once in a saintly passion
> I cried with desperate grief,
> O Lord, my heart is black with guile,
> Of sinners I am chief.
> Then stooped my guardian angel
> And whispered from behind,
> "Vanity, my little man,
> You're nothing of the kind."

He has a certain natural gaiety and sweetness that never turned acrid. When there was opportunity, his capacity for enjoyment was very great. Even in 1881 within a year of his death, on the very margins of his fighting powers and the dark end, his sense of humor is still bubbling in a letter written to his sister-in-law Mrs. John Thomson: "I quietly take things as they come, and quietly let things go as they go, fortifying myself with that saying of the philosopher that it matters not in this vale of tears whether we wipe our eyes with a silk or cotton handkerchief, or blink through tortoise-shell or gold-rimmed glasses." Rarely has such humor been coupled with so much sympathy for human suffering, so keen a sense of the pitilessness of human fate, so awful and inevitable personal anguish so bravely born.

Intemperance first becomes evident in his life in 1855. He was then twenty-one years old and the fourteen-year-old Matilda Weller had been dead three years. A secondary or auxiliary disease may have been the ingrowing disease of self-distrust which pressed upon him nervously until his balance tipped still further. Indeed this self-distrust may have been one factor in his modesty. Who shall say where the one begins and the other ends? . . . His mother was a neurotic *religieuse* of the Non-Conformist type. The instability that goes with this form of religious experience is too well known to demand analysis. The background of his home life was superstition, disease, poverty, intemperance. Thomson recognized in himself a tendency to morbid religious emotions. It was the loss of his religious faith about 1857 which, as much as anything else, settled upon him the constitutional melancholy from which he never recovered. From an "Irvingite" mother to Charles Bradlaugh the atheist is indeed a swing of the pendulum! Sorry material is the broken record we have of his increasing ill-health, of his "attacks"; of the sunstroke he suffered

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while doing journalistic work in Spain (during that prostration, part of *The City of Dreadful Night* was worked out); pitiful records from time to time of his selling the books from his small library in order to get money for food; of "moods" in which he knew all too well that common sense was about to be thrown; of changes of employment and of the instability of his habits; accounts of his intemperance and lack of self-control; evidences of the oncoming of his attacks; and then the neural explosion,—and one appalling outbreak with its insult to his friends, the Barrs, who would so gladly have forgiven him. His letter to the Barrs written in April—he died the first week in June, 1882,—shows the central dignity of Thomson with a pathos no words can describe.

To the psychopathologist these data are all familiar,—the old, old story of disaster—and there is no need to repeat them in their heart-breaking detail. Men do not talk about a human being who has tuberculosis as if he had failings. He has a disease and they know it. The dipsomaniac has a disease and they should know it. Thomson's character was naturally firm, naturally methodical, naturally constant to others as well as to himself. If through his inheritance there was some enervation undermining the strength of his life and so that of his poetry and prose, too, it is important that it should be understood. Something of the same weakening in his social credo was, I believe, at work also in his love and, through its loss, his experience of sorrow. This sorrow is more than youth's classic despair at death,—its shudder as the dark shadow falls across its path. This shudder is something more than that ignorance of youth which knows nothing of the law of gravity the ripened apple follows when it falls, but sees only a separation between life and death which does not exist. Somehow that energy which, under usual or normal circumstances acts as a converter, he lacked. The study of his love for Matilda Weller from any point of view is incredibly difficult—forbidden in the minds of many—yet unavoidable, for it is a shaping power almost from first to last in his life. In a sense this problem must remain a battleground for all lovers or students of James Thomson, with hostile camps of realists and symbolists.

It is in the love season that there is seen the best of another human being. The story of the Phoenix which later gets up out of the ashes of disillusionment is another story. But, for

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human comfort, it is often more beautiful. In this resurrection—this Easter Day for all great loves—are the triumphs of hard idealism. One has the right to wonder what the history of James Thomson in this emotional cycle would have been, for out of such experience is wrought the dream which endures. It is all too evident that intellectually, socially, personally, he had not in him those sinews which make for lasting dreams. The period of passion is a period of untried idealism. The leverage of this idealism is tremendous. So is the inevitable blow of disillusionment tremendous. It is the moment which tests the moral centering of a human being as no other moment in life. What would that moment have done to or for James Thomson? These are the questions which Meredith partly ignored and partly recognized when he wrote after Thomson's death: "He probably had, as most of us have had, his heavy suffering on the soft side. But he inherited the tendency to the things which slew him. And it is my opinion that, in consideration of his high and singularly elective mind, he might have worked clear of it to throw it off, if circumstances had been smoother and brighter about him. For thus he would have been saved from drudgery, have had time to labor at conceptions that needed time for the naturing and definition even before the evolvement of them. He would have had what was also much needed in his case, a more spacious home, a more companioned life, more than merely visiting friends, good and true to him though they were. A domestic centre of any gracious kind would have sheathed his over-active, sensational imaginativeness, to give it rest, and enable him to feel the delight of drawing it forth bright and keen of edge." These are the best and wisest words that have been written about James Thomson, yet I cannot agree with them.

The outlook for dipsomania is not good,—and his was a genuine case of dipsomania, an entailment from his father. If Matilda Weller had lived, would not the struggle have involved two rather than setting free one? It is not unwelcome to the human heart, whether English or American or Italian or of whatsoever nationality, to believe in these eternal loves however unfounded on experience, fact, or vision they may be. It should be remembered here, though, that Thomson failed invariably in every one of his responsibilities. The way in which his mind returns to Matilda as life

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goes on is just the psychology of the man dying in the desert of thirst, in his eyes the mirage of a remembered oasis. Matilda was fourteen when she died and Thomson was eighteen. The nature and the symbol of sorrow in Thomson's poetry assuredly have the quality of an *idée fixe* with its touch of the abnormal. Even in his very pseudonym "B. V." (Bysshe Vanolis), "Bysshe" commemorates Shelley and "Vanolis" Novalis the German lyric poet, Friedrich von Hardenburg, who lost his beloved, also named Matilda. One feels that this carefully maintained devotion after death has in it the quality of imitation and that it is shot through not with fact and experience and a great vision of love as part of life but with sentimentality. There is some delegated emotion here not wholly his own.

This quality of imitation is felt in James Thomson's art. His early poetry shows no approach, no traits of emotion, no thought different from any other young poet adequately gifted with sensuous perceptions. His Juvenilia in essays and verse might be entitled "Echoes from Swift, Keats, Shelley, Arnold, Rossetti, and Tennyson." He was a man thirty years old when he wrote some of this. It is totally without distinction. One reads on and on wearily wondering what much of it is about; nothing clear-etched; nothing firm,—just "poetry" that beats its varying rhythms with the help of trite phrases, tedious sentimentality, blurred meanings. In the lesser poems the only memorable passages are those which have the strength of experience. It is as if at once his verse becomes better where suffering cuts into him and mixes with him the only originality he possesses. As suffering creates his greatness, fustian phrases and *cliché* words drop away. It is difficult to analyze why all this seems so feeble. It is not alone that it is unforgivably sentimental but it seems so without point. There is a kind of wide-mouthed emptiness of meaning about many of the poems that makes one feel alcohol already at work blurring thought and outlines of form, nevertheless boisterously congratulating itself on the achievement of great work. This is the old, old trick of over-stimulation,—of weakness. It is the misfortune of the imitative tendency that it is altogether too likely to retain the weakness rather than the strength of that which it follows, for strength is largely self-made.

Thomson tells us that the only true or inspired poetry is always from within, not from without,—that is, a good

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poem cannot be created with the mind alone. "Ah then," we say, "so he knew that!" Yes, he knew that,—he knew several of the inmost secrets of great creative work. In his essay on *Whitman* he wrote: "To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and *insouciance* of the movements of animals, and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside, is the flawless triumph of art." But this was never true of Thomson's poetry except where, as in the case of *The City of Dreadful Night,* he paid his very life for what was produced. He sins so often as an artist. The words he uses are sometimes as ludicrous as buttons sewed on in wrong places. The unusual word in Thomson seldom becomes part of the whole garment. There is a fine verbal simplicity about good poetry. Yet Thomson seeks trophies of the erudite or the obsolete. There is nothing applied externally in great poetry to its fabric woven in one piece from heart and mind. A word is precious because of its human value. It can have no other value. In science, as service; in common speech, as community of interest; in art, as revelation and healing. The instant a word is so used that it robs its context of *human* value, that instant there is loss of power. Indeed his "error" as artist goes deeper than the attachment of button trophies to the garment of his work. For me the great error of even his greatest work lies in a certain point of view, for in the very instance of his most impressive poem, *The City of Dreadful Night,* I detect the quality of one who sees life as an intellectually gifted and tragically condemned member of the Salvation Army might see it, rather than as pure poet.

Is there some touch of the vicious quality—that is, that which is against art—of sentimentalized gospel hymns in James Thomson's poetry? There is much to be said for caste and class in the leadership of the arts. People *will* choose what they understand. And if to the majority a sentimental hymnology appeals, then that will be the language of its current poetry. Thomson's only American biographer, Edward Meeker, speaks of the "sorry affairs the present pays for and the future forgets." The number of these "affairs," certainly, is lessened in a society whose emphasis has progressed at least a little beyond the commercial. In a country with a population so mixed as ours, leadership—leadership for the arts at least—may be "safest"

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with privilege. It is possible its dominion would not have the promise of being so mighty. What a nation whose hero is Abraham Lincoln can do for poetry is on the way to be revealed. In our poetry a few certainties emerge; a gait that is free; a step swifter; breathing deep, strong, noisy; energy that breaks away from all convention of a social caste system; a disposition to tattoo the face of poetry under the delusion—common it would seem to civilization as well as barbarism—that disfigurement, whether in freakish line or high heel, is beauty; methodistical joy shouting with abandon about vast forces, social, geographical, spiritual—in short a chorus of Western voices all too often sensitive to the weak gentilities of left-over British Victorians and to Mrs. Grundy. It is conceivable that out of a good and universally dispensed education great results will come to poetry even under the unsafe leadership of an American democracy still unwilling to acknowledge "caste"!

Assuredly in England leadership in the arts has been safest with privilege. This becomes evident in the study of James Thomson, not because it educates the individual, but rather because in the arts as a whole it inhibits certain tendencies and eliminates individualism. To think brought James Thomson despair. For consolation all too often he has nothing but some Cockney toys of vulgar pleasure—and instinctively the American despises the Cockney as a creature deprived of freedom and grievously disfigured by the social and economic pressure of civilization in speech, gait and look. Again and again England's social system has constricted art to the figure of this Cockney, and only "privilege" dominant has saved her poetry from widespread impairment. Repeatedly has the Cockney limitation stamped itself on poetry and prose; the worst that Keats, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt did; some of the best and the worst that James Thomson did. No doubt it was Thomson's training and not his personality which made his offences possible. Like Cockney wit, something of what he writes has all too often the taint of cheap silliness. This is not necessarily the emanation of a single personality though it is signed "B. V." This is the composite, a little degraded personality, of a whole class of people, its youth gone, conscious of a compromised spiritual rectitude, toying with deep things which youth, romance, love, a new world, would approach in all seriousness. Here in this attitude is the

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constitution of death not youth. The days of Elizabeth are gone. The days of Wordsworth are passed. The torch is in other hands. Its flame travels westward still, with the sound of many feet seeking a new and better world.

There are several things no spirited human being wishes to share with others: his love, his charities, his sins. If he would withhold the first and the last, let him not write poetry. Though no biography of him exist or ever exist, men will know all they need to know of what has been nearest to him and weakest in him. Poetry is always an "intimate" moment. How could it be otherwise? It therefore reveals not only the most intimate beauty of the human heart and its strength: it shows also its weaknesses and its deformities. . . . Is it accident or a sort of composite significance of all his work that so often makes a poet known chiefly by one poem? I feel that it is composite significance. In his greatest poems, *In The Room* (1867-8), *The City of Dreadful Night* (1870-74) and *Insomnia* (March, 1882) James Thomson works free from imitation of anyone. No, even at this instant of thinking about *The City of Dreadful Night* my eyes see the form and my ears hear the cadence of the stanzas of Tennyson's *The Two Voices.* I find nothing else of James Thomson's equal to *The City of Dreadful Night* in power of thought; in impressive imagery dull or flashing but always full of doom; and in sustained firmness of form. *Insomnia* touches it; *In The Room* is kin to it; but no other poem of Thomson's equals it. His master poem may have shocked his own period,—no doubt it did shock Mrs. Grundy. But there is nothing in it that would shock the most sensitive today. There is much in it that is heart-breaking in its revelation of the suffering of another human being. And in it are lines of rarely equalled beauty such as "The mighty marching and the golden burning:" and "That one best sleep which never wakes again."

In respect of its art it is a bigger poem than Tennyson's *Two Voices.* Great poetry works outward from self. The outward movement of Tennyson's *Two Voices* is imperceptible; its self-analysis holds it in bondage. Argumentation does not make verse. But the supreme power of Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night* lies in the fact that personal tragedy sets the poet free. And his line does indeed "march under a banner." But that "banner" is pessimism, sinister destiny, what you will:

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I find no hint throughout the universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
I find alone Necessity Supreme;
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

Yet what is this echo of a cadence heard elsewhere, of a conflict witnessed, not the same but similar; and the suggestion of that last line of Thomson's stanza somehow familiar before Thomson wrote it? Here is the answer in Tennyson's *Two Voices*:

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.

Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.

Even in this only citadel of his greatest poem—the sole creation we could hope to call wholly and adequately his own—there is too close analogy between intellectual inquiry and outward form to leave us any choice but still to place Thomson among the imitative. The correspondence between certain portions of *The City of Dreadful Night* and Tennyson's *Two Voices* is not merely that of terza rima, of a similar subject, of figures much alike. The correspondence goes deeper than that: it is dependence,—the dependence of James Thomson on Alfred Tennyson. I think Thomson felt, as many have felt, the inner weakness of *The Two Voices*. Yet he had neither the intellectual nor the spiritual strength to travel further than Tennyson. And setting his goal beyond that of Tennyson and failing to reach it, the whole poem becomes enfeebled by failure.

The City of Dreadful Night was written during periods of mental suffering but the poet was not friendless. Thomson himself said that it "was the outcome of a good deal of sleepless hypochondria suffered at various periods." There is difference of opinion regarding the influence of opium on this poem. Some writers have spoken of Thomson as an habitual opium-eater. This is assuredly a mistake. I find evidence of only occasional opium-taking in his poetry, but almost continuous evidence of the effects of alcoholism. His personal history—now locked up in the diaries in the possession of Percy J. Dobell (the oldest son of Bertram Dobell)—would, I think, reveal evidence of more constant re-

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course to opium, probably in the form of laudanum, during the years when he was writing *The City of Dreadful Night.* In his sleepless periods he had found alcohol alone—he had gone too far with that by this time—would not serve his purposes of stupefaction, and he felt himself driven, as many another has, to the increased use of opium, which was then a common remedy given after an attack of alcoholism.

Several are the evidences of opium-taking in this great poem. That sense not only of the dragging foot of misery but of the endlessness of time is one of the mental stigmata of opium addiction:

> The City is of Night, but not of sleep;
> There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
> The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,
> A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
> Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
> Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
> This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

To the diseased experience of the endlessness of time this poem is one long tragic tribute. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the effect upon so sensitive an imagination of DeQuincey's *Suspira de Profundis.* But the phantasmagoria of *Insomnia* as of the *City* is partly opium I am sure: all these monstrous shadowy forms, the rigor, the tremblings, the timelessness of time, the jarring, the cramped respiration, the chills, the sweat, the badly laboring heart, the thoughts of self-destruction, the consciousness of health lost. The thought of self-destruction haunted Thomson over many a long year yet he resisted it to the last. Shuddering nerves there are in his work. Nowhere do we get that temptation to kill himself more strongly given than *In the Room.* And nowhere is his essential sanity so evident in light, clear touch.

The service of such poems as these greatest poems of James Thomson's is not to be calculated in terms of health and joy but in terms of illness and sorrow. It is plain that I differ with Meredith—than with whom there is no writer of modern times I would rather agree—for I think that tragic experience was the creative reagent in James Thomson's case and that without it he would have written no great poetry. It was tragedy reagent that kept him from sinking into the fat lethargies of English sentimental poetry. Had destiny touched him with a gentler hand he would have sought in self-expression one of two extremes, shallow

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and optimistic sentimentality or mordant satire,—both moods disturbed reflexes of what is the truth. The great work—and there can be no question but that *The City of Dreadful Night* has the quality of greatness—that Thomson did was hewn out of the experience of his own sorrow. This is a clear case of where through the reagency of tragedy disaster has *made* poetry. One has only to study the dates of Thomson's poems to see at work in them—for Thomson—the master shaping hand of his tragedy. His habits were destroying him but they were shaping his poetry into a terrible graven image of human sorrow like unto Thomson's own. The poems he wrote while he had a fair degree of health and happiness have no value. I am drawing no conclusions. I am merely stating facts.

In the slow photography of a sick human soul inevitably certain things record themselves which are unexpected. The value of such studies as these lies not in their conclusions—if it were possible to make any—but in open-minded consideration of what for the present admits of no conclusion. Forms of insanity have always stood in some relation of value to society: the epileptic leader, prophecy and revelation. Disease? We battle against it and thereby we grow. Is it, too, productive of energy? In some all too human moods one is tempted to say that disease can do nothing but destroy, make hideous, bring death. But as one looks at nature this is seen not to be so. Take the pine cone gall so common to the willow-tree. I see it hanging on the lake margins of my home, mysteriously beautiful in its gray-green fruit, one soft exfoliating leaf overlapping the other till all are formed into the shape of the perfected pine cone but in color like dew-silvered clover. Yet the pine cone gall is the result of disease due to the sting of an insect and the derangement of plant cells. . . . Nature has many such unguessed at intentions.

It is possible, however, that a good deal of narcotized writing has seemed beautiful because its motivating power was not understood. Certain types of insanity have from time immemorial been stamped as divine inspiration, and so worshipped,—for example, take epilepsy. Temporary mental disease is not creative inspiration. The creative instinct of the mind is as normal and as much a part of the expression of life as the physical creative instinct. It is true that conditions of health and disease mentally often merge

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into one another in a way that is bewildering. In the life of nature disease consumes even as in ours. Mentally, what does this mean in human experience? What is disease? Is it natural? That which takes away from the energy of the individual or the community is evil; that which adds to it is good. But in individual cases, which does add more to the energy of the community, genius with some of its roots all too frequently embedded in disease, or perfect health without the genius? A dark problem and a bitter battle-ground! The taint of disease has for all except the pathologist and the psychoanalyst the lure of the mysterious and is identified too frequently with greatness which in itself it is not, although it may be correlated with greatness. Those who worship these gods in poetry and prose without taking thought, are no further advanced in the social development of an art than the primitive tribe worshipping awestruck before an epileptic chief can be said to be advanced in religious experience.

In any event, the nearer disease and death press on a sensitive mind, perhaps all the more passionately does that mind press towards the consolation of art which is immortal. It was for his singer's heart Thomson cared the most. And this was his tragedy rather than anything more personal or sentimental. Even as he was tortured he sang: it is the old fable forever new, for James Thomson belonged to the class of human beings who seem to rush from wreck to wreck of their own making and who in the process of destroying themselves gain creatively a sort of inexplicable superpower.

Towards the close of the year 1881 came a strange Indian summer of love and joy. It is curious that Thomson, very near the end of his physical endurance, exhausted and battered mentally and spiritually, could still give sympathy with so fine and sensitive a grace to others, and still find beauty and still want love as never before! It points undeniably to the inner constancy of the poor tragic heart, the nature that was his. . . . No one will ever know even half the agony of that struggle between the dominant, seen traits of James Thomson's nature and those which were hidden. His account was terrible beyond words to describe or figures to enumerate. Perhaps this is one reason why human forgiveness, mercy, kindness, love, facing the inexorable accounts of nature, seem to us so precious. He endured to the

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full the horror of one who reaches a stage where there is no longer the possession of any self he would have projected into any future whatsoever!

James Thomson's greatest poems are signposts on that Via Crucis which the most sensitive, the most gifted, have all too often travelled. And we watch again and again the gifted, the beautiful, perish miserably, for want of a little comfort, a few necessaries, back against the wall, feet in the gutter. It is not civilization that permits such tragedies, it is brute society vastly more concerned about its material possessions than about human sufferings or the sources of its intellectual and spiritual treasure. This genius by which men warm themselves and help soul and body, do they owe it nothing? Would they thus treat the Host of any other Inn? If they have taken, shall they not give?—at least pay something for what they take? Even as I ask this question, I see him in the squalor of those London streets which were the only couch he knew in the last days of his life, without a sixpence to his name, without shoes for his feet, ragged, starving. Thomson had no vices—not even any faults—he was always gentle, always spirited, even up almost to the last moment, with dogged persistence trying to find some footing somewhere, always generous, always sensitive, but he was a dipsomaniac and at the mercy of disease. It is a poorly organized society that will take no steps to safeguard its best from such disaster. Who is that Shylock who would knowingly and willingly purchase a great poem at the price of such tragedy to a fellow human being?

JEANNETTE MARKS.

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EDMOND ROSTAND

BY ANNA ROBESON BURR

ROSTAND'S death has been almost unnoticed. In that fierce Twilight of the Gods of December, 1918, the passing of a romantic poet seemed but a small incident, disregarded in the tumult that marked, to so many of us, the very passing of romance herself.

Edmond Rostand died in his fiftieth year. His literary life had been brief; the period of dramatic composition lasting only from 1894, the date of *Les Romanesques,* to that of *Chantecler* in 1910. In 1893 he had published a volume of verse entitled *Les Musardises,* which, though delicate, and giving promise of that astonishing verbal dexterity which later was to distinguish his work, are only the "trifles" that they were named. Other fugitive pieces appeared in 1897 and since 1910—but the Rondeau and Ballade in *Cyrano;* the song in *"La Princesse Lointaine;"* the sonnets, hymn to the sun and Prayer of the Little Birds in *Chantecler* remain the best work of a writer whose lyrical strain was ever heightened and inspired by his dramatic sense. None of the verse published by him separately touches his dialogue in point of terseness, wit, color, or learned ornament. In these regards, he often strikes the English reader as essentially Elizabethan, if indeed that term be still held to imply a higher vitality, a fuller romantic spirit, a larger heroic vision and a plethora of dramatic and verbal invention.

Nor must it be forgotten that Rostand displays these qualities while yet held within the narrow limits of the classic versified drama, which seems to stimulate the French genius by the very difficulties and limitations it imposes. When *Cyrano* appeared, Victor Hugo was still in memory, but Hugo had been grandiose without humor and even the traditional patience of Parisian audiences was beginning to

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fail them during the long tirades of *Hernani*. Their stage had familiarized them with the heroic, while it had never failed to provide a delightful abundance of humorous invention; the two blended into one play were, however, something entirely new, and the sensation caused by the first performance of *Cyrano* will not soon be forgotten. There were moments when the action was halted by the delight of the audience, when the salvos of wit was followed, time after time, by prolonged salvos of applause. At once the romantic hero seemed to be revitalized in this new and typically Gallic conception, far more human, as well as more French than any of Hugo's solemn and rhetorical figureheads. Poetic drama since Racine had tended toward a certain stridency in declamation, which the color and fire of Hugo at his best had only subdued. In *Cyrano,* the heroic note seemed to regain humanity and flexibility; while critics observed that the author, delighting in allusion and verbal play, preferring to call himself "*précieux,*" could yet at need sharpen his dialogue with an edge that was intensely modern.

Now the public had scarcely been prepared for the success of *Cyrano* by Rostand's three previous plays. The first, *Les Romanesques,* is a graceful and charming comedy in the style of de Musset, slight of texture and light in manner. The second, *La Samaritaine,* is more difficult to place. The verse is full of dignity and has moments of tranquil beauty; but the drama is lacking in action, nor can the author successfully create a Divine figure which has already been drawn in words of transcendent inspiration. To our minds, re-writing the New Testament is an experiment foredoomed to failure; and one not redeemed here by the tenderness which informs it. In *La Princesse Lointaine,* Rostand gives for the first time marked indications of his moving flexibility in dialogue. But the play is apart from life. His puppets move vaguely through a mist of antiquity; his heroine is stiff, and self-satisfied; while neither of his troubadour heroes is free from self-consciousness. The musical verse is jewelled with strange words in Rostand's favorite manner, yet nowhere rises above the merely artificial.

Throughout the piece, we seem perpetually conscious of Mme. Bernhardt's golden voice and *moyen-âge* attitudes; the emotion is the kind of emotion that Mme. Bernhardt likes to portray, while the conversion at the end brings no

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sense of reality. The play is, in a word, factitious; while of Cyrano's originality, drama, humanity, humor and close texture, there is no indication whatever.

That *Cyrano de Bergerac,* which remains the greatest of Rostand's works, was founded on the life and legend of a 17th Century dramatist and satirical romancer, whose pieces, notably his " Voyage to the Moon," had startled the naive and amused the learned at the court of the Great Louis. The real Cyrano was a personality out of Dumas, but the playwright, while closely following the main incidents of his career, gives him a fineness and nobility which lift him above that d'Artagnan with whom he is so often compared. Technically, the piece presents much of interest, but its structural characteristics hardly come within the limits of this essay. Termed by the author an " heroic comedy," it rises now and again to the heights of an heroic tragedy. The plot built around the highly-colored central personality and inspired by the legend of his heroism, unfolds before us in a series of episodes, which move with unflagging verve and are elaborated with abundant poetic and dramatic ingenuity. No modern play surpasses it in that sense of stage effectiveness, for which there exists no English term—it is at all times incomparably *theatrâle.* This does not mean that it is always theatrical; for indeed, many of the best scenes, notably the last, are human, poignant, and make a direct appeal that is the very reverse of theatrical. But they are scenes built to be played, to challenge the resources and to exhibit the powers of the actor, who must employ, from the attack to the finale, the whole range of emotion and a high degree of physical force. Coquelin made of the part a living figure, never to be forgotten by anyone who saw him, and created on those large, free lines which we yet think of as Elizabethan. Around this hero, who is almost never absent from the scene, cluster a series of lesser portraits, differentiated with spontaneous perception, gayety, and humor. The opening is filled with small, brilliant episodes; as when Cyrano meets the musketeer d'Artagnan, or the entrance of the *précieuses,* all in the spirit of polished comedy. This, unfortunately, degenerated in English into mere mechanical stage business quite lost on the audience, who however, were altogether won by the larger moments of the play.

It is in these episodes and through these smaller figures

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that one comes to realize the amazing flexibility of Rostand's style. Obliged to compose this long drama entirely within the cramping limitations of metre, he yet manages his dialogue with such ease, that one is practically never once reminded of them, and never once bored by the conviction that "*soir*" is going to be rhymed with "*espoir.*" The metrical form is as rapid and sure as though it were his natural speech; it is handled with a color, a fullness and a dexterity that is in the very spirit of genius. He seems to invent verbal difficulties for the pure pleasure of surmounting them, making use of occult rhymes, strange puns, cryptic allusions, intricate plays on words, while his exchanges fairly scintillate with a wit that is at each riposte, freshly inventive.

There were early indications of this power to be found, as in the charming *Charivari à la Lune* in *Les Musardises,* but such admirable poetic trifling had surely never been previously used in order to enliven the long and monotonous tirade, so dear to the French stage. That famous speech in which Cyrano gives, in quick succession, twenty different descriptions of his own nose and rhymes to such a word as "*Hippocampelephantocamélos*"; or his "*Non, merci*" speech, struck an entirely new note. While their humor is purely Gallic, they show a sheer virtuosity savoring of the heroic. In *Chantecler,* Rostand repeats these effects with an ever-increasing mastery, until at last we feel it is the author himself who takes the centre of the stage and amuses himself with our astonishment at his own volubility. *Chantecler's* "*coq*" speech;—

Oui, Coqs affectant des formes incongrues,
Coquemars, Cauchemars, Coqs, et Coquecigrues, . . .

is in reality nothing less than patter, but a patter that would have amused Shakespeare and delighted Aristophanes. Rostand was one to whom words were a passion, one for whom language held an inexhaustible miracle . . . .

La merveille
Du beau mot mystérieux
C'est qu'on le lit d'oreille,
Et qu'on l'écoute des yeux!

It is unfortunate that this delicate distinction became in English only a sort of meaningless verbosity—that those bits of dialogue invented for the sake of their wit, or for some verbal quip—served to lend the scene merely an effect of

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restless bustle. In his own country, of course, Rostand had enjoyed an immense inspiration from his public, which responded at once to the virtuosity of Cyrano. If the critic be tempted to insist on this quality, it is because he must insist on the virtuosity of any artist of rank, be he Paderewski, Caruso, or Swinburne, because it is the first quality of the artist to be insisted on. The first, but not the last. There are qualities counting for more in a final estimate, and Rostand's place in future will not be determined by his verbal dexterity, although this is sufficiently remarkable. Audiences outside of France, and readers the world over, found in *Cyrano* poetry and emotion and distinction, which needed no verbal dexterity, but speak a direct and universal language. The last act, in particular, had a feeling and a restraint, that made the most of its note: "*Le destin est railleur!*"

Re-reading *l'Aiglon,* one is struck by the author's development in more than one direction. As a piece, it is simpler, because the central figure is conceived on definite Hamlet lines; yet more complicated in construction and in dramatic effects. This complexity is unfortunate, it detracts from the appeal of the situation and its inevitability; so that there are times when we feel the author is indulging himself in rhetoric. Napoleonic legend has ever a fascination for our minds; the book which furnished Rostand with his material (*Le roi de Rome* by Henri Welschinger,) displays this fascination upon every page. All the characters in the play are drawn from it, with most of the incidents and text for the principal speeches. Technically, the drama is uneven and suffers from an apparent desire to include everything, real and imaginary, that could be discovered concerning the hero. This may be responsible for the existence of the IV Act, so dull and weak that the writer's charm and concentration seem alike to fail him; while the last Act of all is a long-drawn, deliberate playing on one note, making the death-scene of Rostand's "little white Hamlet" far less pathetic than the final scene in *Cyrano,* so moving, because so reticent. Yet this play contains much of Rostand's most striking work; his Flambeau is indeed conceived in an epic spirit; his wit and irony were never more terse and stinging; while the V Act is drawn to the imagination with an intensity and a prophetic thrill, more keenly to be felt to-day than when it was written.

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Ah, je comprends! . . . Le cri de cet homme qui meurt
Fut pour ce val qui sait tous les râles par coeur,
Comme le premier vers d'une chanson connue
Et quand l'homme se tait, la plaine continue!

These cries of the wounded and the dying borne by the wind over that "immense plain" of Wagram have a new and terrible meaning in our ears to-day.

Both *Cyrano* and *l'Aiglon* were founded on the work of that supreme and original dramatist, Life. *Chantecler,* the last of Rostand's plays, is an effort to get away from Life, and therefore becomes a *tour-de-force.* It took well-nigh ten years in preparation and was held back from production for many months in order that the author might polish certain verses in the third Act. Rostand evidently prefers it to his other plays; he makes his characters the mouthpiece of a more definite philosophy, he fills it with his most charming poetry and diversifies the action with a store of puns, parodies and learned wit. With delight, he returns to the rôle of *"précieux";* in common parlance, he seems constantly to be "letting himself go." If the result is by no means dramatically successful, it is because the stage demands more than novelty of theme and cleverness of dialogue. *Chantecler* remains, however, the most friendly and satisfying of all Rostand's pieces to read.

Satire has made use of the animal kingdom in all literatures since the days of Reynard the Fox, and Rostand's revival of this ancient form became at once the subject of academic discussion. In his hands, as in Chaucer's it becomes the peg on which to hang a criticism of life. He himself has said of *Chantecler* that it represented the drama of human endeavor grappling with life. The Cock is man, the Idealist, perpetually under the delusion of his own importance and success. The Pheasant is modern woman, wearing the plumage of the male and ever his antagonist in the fields of thought, but in the last analysis, Woman still, ready to sacrifice herself for man, and for his ideas, in which she herself does not believe.

Vous n'en restez pas moins une femelle encor
Pour quit toujours l'idée est la grande adversaire.

Woman, adversary of the Idea, is ready through her love for Man, to die for the Idea; and thus, in Rostand's drama, the Pheasant shares the romantic interest with the illusioned hero. Now all this might be very dull but for the fact that

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these bird-figures move in an imaginative setting, equally responsive to nature, whether in her most homely or most hidden beauty. The poet's feeling is not only delicate, it is absolutely simple. His verse is warm with the glow of sunshine and summer earth, in a *"Silence chaud, rempli de gloussements heureux;"* or sparkles with the moonlight on the forest at the singing of the nightingale:

Je sens, tout petit, perdu dans l'arbre noir
Que je vais devenir l'immense coeur du soir.

As in the earlier plays, Rostand's minor incidents and characters yield us a rich store of humor. Who can forget the ancient hen, Chantecler's foster-mother, who puts up her dishevelled head now and again from an old basket, and lets fall some barnyard saw, or "flower of folk-lore"? Or the little grey hen who was in love with the cuckoo clock,

Celui qui loge
Dans les bois, ou celui qui loge dans l'horloge?

Or Patou, the old dog, "made to sleep anywhere"! (*partout*). Or the Raven, the true Parisian, cynic, wit, eternal boulevardier? The farm-yard and its inmates are portrayed by that sane and penetrating vision which lends dignity to reality; while the forest lies before us in the same mysterious light which bathes the forest in *As You Like It.* We are the spectators of a world whose tragedy interprets our own. If Rostand is at all times a romantic of the romantics, yet he is also a modern of the moderns. He draws the romantic spirit in its contest with the real world, and shows that it is predestined to failure, and must expect failure. Thus *Cyrano* fails, and *l'Aiglon* fails, and *Chantecler,* that heroic comedian, who is but another Cyrano in feathers, fails also. Their success in life has been but the *beau geste,* and the *beau geste* remains their only accomplishment. This modernity of conception lifts Rostand above the ranks of the romantics and sets him on the plane with the great satirists Rabelais, Molière. In his mind, the personality is what counts; the heroic figure is one who lives by and for his Idea. All of his heroes live for their Idea, by no means necessarily a true one, which consoles and rewards them for a lack of worldly success. Joffroy Rudel is content to die in the arms of that Far-Away Princess, whose quest had been the inspiration of his song. *L'Aiglon* turns back to his prison with the thought that he, perchance, is the expiatory sacrifice for the Napoleonic dream of empire.

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Chantecler returns to his homely barnyard, constant in adoration of the sunshine, though he knows now his song has never caused it, and content in his philosophy of the microcosm.

Quand on sait regarder et souffrir on sait tout.
Dans une mort d'insecte on voit tous les désastres,
Un rond d'azur suffit pour voir passer les astres.

To Cyrano, his gesture, his free art, his "*panache,*" meant more than the purse of gold, or fame in the world, or even his Roxane herself. He is a hero through his character and not through his achievement; while the poet's tenderness toward him is a tenderness toward all mankind.

One comment remains. The student is especially struck by the absence of any valid Rostand criticism. Doubtless this is for the reason that as poet, he has taken his stand in the full sunlight. The academic world took him in the course of the day's work, and translated him in uninspired and rather a bedazzled manner. But the critic is not tempted; he prefers half-lights and shadows. This poet is his own interpreter; his note is that of the nightingale, at whose song the Frogs must cease their croaking; and hence criticism for the most part lets him alone.

But the value of his sun-lit philosophy has heightened since he wrote and since our world has descended into the Valley of the Shadow where only real and ultimate things remain. The shadows that delighted 1895-1910 suddenly deepened into blackness; and Rostand passed as we were frantically seeking for the sunshine he might well have helped us to find. To-day, fundamental needs and problems press on us, so that we listen gratefully to this poet of them and in our doubt as to the future, we ask with the Pheasant,—

Mais comment reprend-on du courage
Quand on douta de l'oeuvre?

and *Chantecler* answers—

On se met à l'ouvrage!

The best of us feel that Rostand's philosophy is, after all, the only means by which we shall be able to save ourselves and our shaken and faltering world.

ANNA ROBESON BURR.

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

H. G. WELLS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

THERE are men, such as Dr. Johnson, who are mentally active and physically torpid, and there are other men, such as Jack Johnson, who are very alert physically, but not quite so alert in their minds. It seldom happens that a man combines great physical energy with great intellectual energy. Such a man is Mr. Bernard Shaw. So is Mr. H. G. Wells. I imagine that Mr. Wells is more active, both in body and in mind, than Mr. Shaw, despite the fact that the latter is the slender man of the two and that his tongue works more rapidly in conjunction with his brain; for Mr. Shaw feels fatigue sooner than Mr. Wells. I doubt whether Mr. Wells suffers from fatigue at all or to any serious extent. He takes few, if any, holidays, works for many hours every day, plays games very assiduously, and is unhappy if he has not got some work on hand. He begins to write a new book immediately he has completed its predecessor, having no belief, seemingly, in fallow time. When he is not working or playing, he is talking. His conversation has a curious resemblance in its shape, if I may use that word, to the style of his writing. One listens for the suspended sentence, for the four dots with which, in his prose, he breaks a thought so that the reader may himself complete it. Mr. Shaw once told me that he could not work at creative writing for more than two hours every day, and I suspect that he suffers more from physical fatigue than he will admit. Mr. Wells works for considerably more than two hours every day (and sometimes during the night) though I do not suppose he works for two consecutive hours at any time. If you are a guest in his house, you will see him engaged in some game, tennis or hockey or that wild game of his own invention, " barn-

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ball," or perhaps playing demon patience; and when you are inclined to imagine that he is settling down to a long day of games, you discover that he is no longer with the players, but is back in his study working on a manuscript.

One expects a certain amount of sluggishness in every man, and probably there are days when Mr. Wells's mind and body go to sleep or lie about supine, but I do not believe that anyone has ever seen him asleep or supine. His mind is so active that one can almost see ideas leaping off his tongue as he talks, and he has a very remarkable capacity for engaging the attention of his auditors without making any perceptible effort to do so. His conversation, unlike that of Mr. Yeats or Mr. George Moore, is unrehearsed conversation. It has not the swift brilliance of Mr. Shaw's talk, and it goes to its point rather jerkily, but it reaches its destination. He is not so easily distracted from his course as Mr. Gilbert Chesterton is, or perhaps I ought to say that he does not take so long to get to his destination as G. K. C. Mr. Chesterton seems to me to be falling with great amiability on his subject, whereas Mr. Wells is eagerly struggling up to it. Mr. Chesterton defers to others with great courtesy, but his mind, I imagine, is already made up. He listens to a controversialist, not because he thinks he is likely to be converted to an opposite opinion—he is fairly certain that he will not be converted—but because he has excellent manners and an exceptionally kindly character. It is hard to believe that any man of merit is without some malice in his nature, some element of cattishness, but if there is a man of merit without these things then that man is Mr. Chesterton. If he could bring himself to throttle the creature he most detests, the international financier, the man without a country, he would, I am sure, do so entirely without prejudice. Mr. Wells listens, not out of politeness, but in the hope that he will receive information, and this hope of his causes him to listen very patiently even to bad or inexpert talkers. He has the additional merit, rare among men of genius, of being an uncommonly good host, very punctilious about the comfort and pleasure of his guests. He is a sociable man, mingling easily with very various people, gregarious where Mr. Yeats and Mr. Shaw are solitary, and he is instinctively friendly. His hospitality is lavish and with something of the Dickensian tradition in it. He has none of the chilly aloofness of Mr. Yeats nor of the shy constraint of Mr. Shaw

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nor of the nervous coldness of Mr. Galsworthy. Were it not for a degree of cruelty in his nature, I should say that Mr. Chesterton and he were as near to each other in temperament as any two men of merit can be. It is this strain of cruelty in him which makes him so attractive when he loses his temper, for he seems only to be witty when he is about to hit someone very severely on the head. I do not know any man who can lose his temper in print with so much effect and so entertainingly as Mr. Wells can lose his. He is hardly a witty man, as Mr. Shaw and Mr. Yeats and even Mr. Gilbert Chesterton are witty men, but he has a neat, malicious humor which delights him as much as it delights his friends, and is most often displayed when he is attacking someone.

II

If a writer wished to create a character who would most aptly personify the past thirty years of English or possibly of world history, he would have to create a character very like Mr. Wells: a questioning, variable, demanding person, with some impatience and testiness of temper, with, at times, a fantastic and wayward manner, but always superimposed on these superficialities, an eager and unthwartable desire for a true belief. Mr. Chesterton said of him once that "you lie awake at night and hear him grow," and fundamentally that is true, in spite of the temptation one has at times to believe that one lies awake at night and merely hears him changing his mind. One could, were one silly enough to do so, construct a plausible indictment of Mr. Wells of hurriedly accepting a belief and as hurriedly rejecting it; but to do so would be to charge oneself with a superficial mind. Mr. Wells, in his eagerness to discover a reasonable and sane society in which the spirit of man may grow and develop and achieve, has sometimes accepted a theory too swiftly, but his scientific mind has come, sooner or later, to the rescue of his eager heart and has caused him to reject proposals which he had previously found acceptable.

In *First and Last Things* he decides against the community of austere aristocrats who won his advocacy in *A Modern Utopia*. The self-disregard of the Samurai of Japan had pleased him as it must please all who contemplate it, and he imagined a state in which the best men would govern "the average, sensual men," as Mr. Arnold

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Bennett likes to call the multitude, formulating their laws and doctrines from the sanctuary of a sort of monastic establishment in which their fleshly desires would be chastened and perhaps eliminated.

Mr. Wells, having felt the allure of a select company of selfless aristocrats, devoting themselves to the good government of less gifted men, soon discovered that good government cannot be administered by men who are remote from the emotions and desires of the governed; and so, with characteristic courage, he abandoned his Samurai and boldly marched into the company of the crowd. Can anyone find ground for sneering in such behavior as that? Are not those who try to find solutions to puzzles more likely to be successful in our efforts because H. G. Wells has offered one solution and then, finding it useless, repudiated it and tried another?

There was a time when he saw benefit to the world in the establishment of a universal language, but I doubt very much whether he holds to that hope now.

Mr. Wells has plunged into many bog holes of this sort, but he has always extricated himself from them, and less and less, as he develops, does he insist upon uniformity and machinery, and more and more does he insist on diversity and spirit.

III.

There is a photograph of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells, taken by an American photographer, Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, in which the two men are shown sitting side by side. It is the most illuminating interpretation of their characters that I have ever seen. Mr. Shaw, with something of the look of a prophet, sits beside Mr. Wells who has a smile of disbelief on his face; Mr. Shaw shows a countenance full of faith, while Mr. Wells shows one full of inquiry. Mr. Shaw accepts the pose quite naturally, but Mr. Wells is deprecating. I felt when I saw that photograph in Mr. Wells's study that while Mr. Shaw accepted the status of a great man as his right, Mr. Wells felt uncomfortable about the pose, not because he doubts his right to be regarded as a great man, but because he is reluctant to live on pedestals. "I'm human just as much as you are," he seems to be saying to the photographer, and the smile of deprecation on his face means, if it means any-

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thing, that while Mr. Shaw accepts the great man's altitude without a qualm, Mr. Wells feels that the whole thing is humbug. " Shaw is taken in by this Great Man business," the Wells of the photograph says as plainly as if the picture were to take life and utter words, " but don't you imagine I'm deluded by it! . . . "

These two men, one Irish, one English, Bernard Shaw and Herbert George Wells, between them have done more to influence the minds of the young men of my generation than any other two men of their time. Their attitude towards life may, perhaps, be summarized in an account of the way in which they interpret the doctrine of Evolution. Mr. Shaw believes that the Life Force, which ordinary men call God, is an Imperfect Thing seeking to make Itself Perfect. How, when you contemplate the miseries and inequalities and cruelties of existence, can you believe in an All-Powerful God? he says. You must believe that these horrible things happen because God cannot prevent them from happening. The blind-alley argument that the Almighty inflicts pain upon us for our good is insupportable when one considers that an earthly father would not subject his child to convulsions or cause a cancer to consume its life or endow it with a cruel disposition if such things were within his powers of disposal. If, one reasonably argues, an earthly father is incapable of such acts, how less likely is God to be capable of them if He be All-Powerful and All-Good? Since these inexplicable cruelties and horrors occur and recur, surely, argues Mr. Shaw, it is only common sense to assume that they do so in spite of God's good will towards man. Starting from this premise, he goes on to argue that God seeks to obtain that control over material things which He has not yet succeeded in obtaining. He imagines God engaged in a magnificent research, the discovery of a harmonious universe, much in the way in which one imagines a biologist in his laboratory seeking for a preventative of disease. The Life Force uses such instruments for its purpose as are to be found lying at hand. When these prove abortive or useless or insufficient, the Life Force invents a new instrument which it uses until that instrument, too, is found to be useless or inadequate and is scrapped in favor of a new instrument. Like all creators, God must express Himself through His creatures, and the whole of Time has been spent so far in finding a suitable

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means of expression. In the beginning, God used mammoth beasts, but finding them unsuitable for His purpose, He scrapped them and invented other creatures until at last He achieved His best instrument, Man. God's latest and finest creature differs from all His other creatures in this respect that he is conscious of God's purpose and can help it forward or hold it back. God concealed His intention from all the instruments that preceded the advent of Man, but, in the development of His Being, He found that greater advantage would accrue to Him if He made His instrument aware of its purpose. So we get the reason of Man. God, before the creation of Man, had depended upon Himself. After the creation of Man, he depended partly upon Himself, partly upon His creature. *Man, in short, was the first of God's instruments to have the power to help God to realize Himself.* To Bernard Shaw, it is an obscuring of God's purpose for Man continually to pray, "God help me!" when it is part of his purpose and duty to affirm, "I will help God!" I have already quoted his dictum that we should so live that when we die, God is in our debt.

It is obvious, from this belief, that Mr. Shaw does not believe in the inevitable march of mankind from bad to good and from good to better. We may be marching towards Utopia or the New Jerusalem, or we may be marching back to Chaos. Man, having the choice between helping God and thwarting Him, may so vex the Deity that He will become impatient with him and throw this instrument away as he has thrown away other useless instruments, and seek for a better one. God scrapped the mammoth beasts because they were not adequate for the execution of His design; He *may* scrap Man for the same reason or because Man, while adequate, wilfully refuses to help. This theory is expressed continually in Mr. Shaw's plays and prefaces, for example, in a speech by Caesar in *Caesar and Cleopatra,* where the Emperor gives expression to a violent antipathy to war. War, in Mr. Shaw's mind, is a plain perversion of God's purpose, and he would probably declare that Man, in the Great War that seems likely to end in a bloody battle between the Allies, almost reached the end of God's patience. In five years, the British alone had eight hundred thousand of her most valuable men *killed.* France lost double that number *killed.* Germany lost more even than France *killed.* All the potentialities for good, all the

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fervor and chivalry and idealism and courage that was in those men, their ability to help God to achieve perfection, has vanished utterly from the world; and there is nothing left of it. Most of them died without progeny, and so there is not even the hope that their spirit has passed on to their children and that, at the worst, God's purpose has only been suspended for a generation. They have gone, irretrievably gone. Another such war and Western civilization must perish, if, indeed, it has not already begun to decay. In other words, God, sickened by Man's perversity and wilful obstruction, will have scrapped him . . . .

That is the Shavian doctrine of the Life Force, put plainly and simply.

Mr. Wells differs very sharply from Mr. Shaw in his doctrine. Mr. Shaw believes that the progress from bad to good is not inevitable: Mr. Wells believes that it is, and he produces the records of history to support his belief. Mankind, at this moment, he will admit, is in a very bloody mess, but that mess is not so frightful as, say, the mess after the Thirty Years' War. We, who contemplate the organized Murder of Youth which began in August, 1914, may fairly feel that mankind has sunk very low in barbarism, but when we survey the whole range of humanity so far as it has been recorded, the depths of 1914, deep though they are, appear to be slightly less dreadful than the depths of other days. There is a greater revolt from organized Murder to-day than there was after the Thirty Years' War. There are fewer people to-day who prate about the glories of war than there were then. (Oddly enough, or perhaps naturally enough, most of the people who still think of war as a jolly adventure live in America.) We are a little nearer to a realization of the commandment, "Thou Shalt Not Kill" than we were before 1914. We are learning that there are no qualifications or exceptions to that commandment. It does not say, "Thou shalt not kill—except in defence of small nationalities!" It does not say, "Thou shalt not kill—except for the purpose of self-determination!" It does not say, "Thou shalt not kill—except for the establishment of a Republic in Ireland!" Tersely and without modification, it states that "Thou Shalt Not Kill" in any circumstances whatever.

Here is a dilemma from which the Christian cannot easily escape . . . it is not one that causes any

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embarrassment to me, for I am not a Christian . . . and the difficulty of doing so, apart from all ordinary considerations of decency, is bringing man sharply face to face with the fundamentals of human existence. It spite of much occasion for pessimism to-day, there is occasion for greater optimism than man ever before has had. There is a social consciousness at work in our minds and hearts that will yet deliver us from the wicked man. How few are the years since the days when men in one part of England made war on men in another part! How unthinkable it is that men in Lancaster should make war to-day on men in Yorkshire! True, it is less than a century since men in the Northern States of America made war on men in the Southern States. True, it is less than ten years since men in Ulster prepared themselves to make war on men in the rest of Ireland. True, at this moment, Russian fights Russian, and Sinn Feiner slays brother Irishman. True, that white man burns black man, that Christian persecutes Jew, true all this and worse, yet it remains true also that when the records of time are made up and just balances are drawn in the accounts of Mankind, there is seen to be a greater perception of common purpose to-day than there was a century ago.

His scientific and historic sense keeps Mr. Wells secure in his belief that Man, although he may hinder the development of God's purpose, cannot thwart it. Mr. Shaw would perhaps agree with Mr. Wells in his belief that God's Will must ultimately find adequate expression, but he would insist that that expression may be through another instrument than man. Mr. Wells, however, would not yield to him on this point; he would insist that God's Will must ultimately find adequate expression through man.

IV.

When one brings the Wellsian doctrine down to the details of life, one discovers what I may call a *local* pessimism in it. The anger which breaks out of his work is directed against the incompetence and stupidity of man which hold him back from the desirable country towards which he is marching. The greatest optimists—the men who are convinced that man's end is good and seemly—are almost always the most bitter pessimists when they are considering

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contemporary affairs. The visionary loves mankind in the abstract so much that when he contemplates mankind in the concrete he loses his temper. The Utopian, full of his dream of a decent and free civilization in which every man may move easily to his proper station, feels a dreadful depression when he looks upon society as it exists here and now; and there are times when, in spite of his sure and certain hope that life will ultimately find its level, he feels that man, that perverse, wayward, thwarting creature, will never fulfil the promise of his potentialities because he is too closely concerned with some tiny, personal vanity, because he allows wickedness and stupidity to influence him to a greater degree than goodness and fine thought. Who, thinking over the Big Four in Paris, and remembering that millions of young men of all nations died so that the Big Four might meet and make a more enduring peace than this world has yet known, can feel anything but anger and humiliation at what they did? Clemenceau, the "Tiger" who, having tasted blood, seemed eager to taste more; Lloyd George, who never remembers a friend or forgets an enemy; Orlando, shamelessly extending his itching palm; and Wilson, the man who went to Europe to ask for the moon and returned to America, having accepted a match . . . . can any of us, contemplating those four men, given by God the greatest opportunity that has ever been offered to men, that may ever be offered to men, help feeling that this world is dead and damned and that the sooner a disgusted God smashes it to pieces, the better will be the universe? Mr. Wells cannot escape, any more than the rest of us, this tendency to despair of human effort, and here and there in his books, his *local* pessimism is expressed; but his universal optimism remains unimpaired, and one comes away from his writings in the knowledge that he belives that man, sooner or later, will achieve a high destiny. Mr. Wells whips the stupid and the selfish and the idle, but he will not permit them to persuade him from his belief that even out of these elements, a finer Man will yet be made.

V.

There is a cartoon by Max Beerbohm in which he shows himself being conducted through a gallery where Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Bennett and many other eminent writers are standing on inverted tubs, har-

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anguing the universe. Having listened to the preachers and propagandists, Mr. Beerbohm turns to his guide and says, "But where are the artists?" only to be informed that "*These* are the artists!" It has been said that Mr. Shaw would rather be known as a great political economist than as a great dramatist, that Mr. Arnold Bennett would rather be known as an eminent business man than as an eminent novelist, that Mr. Galsworthy would prefer to be a reformer rather than a man of letters, and that Mr. Wells seeks fame as a sociologist and not as an artist. There is enough of truth in this statement to give pause to those about whom it is made, but not sufficient to frighten us who admire them. Mr. Wells, for example, can no more elude artistry than he can refrain from thinking. He is extraordinarily indifferent to literary style, seems almost to delight in making a clumsy sentence rather than a shapely one, and, so far as one can discover, does not spend a single second on "finding the right word." The idea is his chief concern, and he cares very little for the way in which it is expressed. Nevertheless, he remains an artist, with a gift for apt expressions and a far greater gift for selection. In one of his books, he describes the prostitute as "that painted disaster of the street." In *First and Last Things,* in describing the inability of the intellect to free itself from bias, he says, "the forceps of the mind is a clumsy instrument and crushes the truth a little in seizing it." At the end of *Tono-Bungay* there is an account of a trip down the Thames which is among the great pieces of prose writing. In *The Undying Fire,* he gives an account of the purposeless cruelty of Nature and an account of the state of mind of a young German who goes from his remote village to join the Army at the beginning of the war, full of patriotic ardor, offering for this service and for that until at last he becomes a member of the crew of a submarine and his patriotism suffers a sea-change and becomes the desperate courage of a rat in a trap . . . and these two accounts are so vivid that it is impossible for anyone to rise from them unaware that they have been written by a man of genius, possessed of artistry.

He is probably the most prolific writer of his quality in the world, and if I had exact knowledge of the world's greatest authors, I should probably say that he is the most varied of them. Consider how very dissimilar his books

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are in range and interest. Consider that the man who wrote *The Time Machine,* wrote also *The History of Mr. Polly* and *The Undying Fire.* How many writers have shown such variety as has been shown by the author of *The War in the Air, Kipps* (that great and beautiful and tender book), *Tono-Bungay* and *The Soul of a Bishop.* At one moment, Mr. Wells is writing *Bealby* and at the next, he is writing *God, the Invisible King.* He turns from *The Wonderful Visit* to *The Outline History of the World,* and writes *The Future in America* in the trail of *Love and Mr. Lewisham.* (*The Future in America* is perhaps the best book of its kind that has ever been written on the problems that lie before the American people). Queen Victoria, having been enchanted by *Alice in Wonderland,* sent to a bookseller for the remainder of " Lewis Carroll's " writings, and was considerably disconcerted when she received *Plane Trigonometry* and *Curiosa Mathematica* by the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. What that excellent old lady would have thought, if having read and liked *The Sea Lady,* she had been supplied with *Mankind in the Making* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau* and *Joan and Peter* by the same author, I cannot imagine. Mr. Wells faces life very fairly and squarely, regarding it from all angles of vision. There is only one Truth, but it may be approached by many different paths; and Mr. Wells has attempted most of them. It may seem to some of his readers at times that he is running away from things towards which he formerly ran, but it is more likely that he is merely trying another way of getting to the same point.

VI.

One remembers men by odd things. I remember Mr. Yeats chiefly as a dark image, obscurely seen, and Mr. Shaw as a shy, erect man with fine, shapely hands who talks emphatically because otherwise he would not be talking at all. I remember Mr. Galsworthy as one who is biting his lips or clenching his teeth lest he should say too much, and Mr. George Moore as one who is consumed with the fear that he will not say enough. Mr. Wells comes into my mind as an eager, friendly man, whose speech, thinly uttered, suggests continual testing. But mostly I remember his fine eyes because it is in them that most of his strength is stored.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

CONGRESS adjourned, against the judgment of many of the most thoughtful and prudent observers. It had done much work, and there was apparently no urgent need of its further activities until the next regular meeting time in December. There were, moreover, sufficient reasons why the session should be suspended and members be relieved for a time from the duty of attendance. Yet it is obvious that every desirable end attained by adjournment could have been attained equally well by taking a recess. Had that been done, Congress could have reassembled at any time, in case of need, at its own volition. As it is, adjournment has made such assembly supposedly impossible, no matter how grave the emergency, unless the President wills it. In normal circumstances, that fact would cause no apprehension. But since the President has for practically ten months been incapacitated for performing the usual duties of his office and has not yet fully resumed them, it is difficult to regard without disquiet the surrender of the entire conduct of government to him for a period of six months, especially at a time when the air of the nation and of the world is electric with actual unrest and potential crises. More and more the conviction is growing that there should be some constitutional provision for the assembling of Congress at special times of need on some initiative other than that of the President.

The most important laws enacted during the session and approved by the President were the following:

The Railroad bill;

The Shipping bill;

The Army Reorganization bill;

The Civil Service Pension bill;

The bill for the increase of pay in the Postoffice Department;

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Acts regulating the immigration of aliens and providing for the deportation of Anarchists;

A bill for the leasing of oil lands;

The Industrial Vocation Rehabilitation bill;

Amendment of the Trading with the Enemy act;

An act authorizing enlistment in the Army and Navy of citizens and aliens illiterate in the English language;

An act pensioning veterans of the Spanish, Philippine and Boxer wars;

An act establishing a Women's Bureau in the Department of Labor;

An act permitting Government radio stations to transmit private and press messages;

An act authorizing the formation of corporations for the financing of American foreign trade.

The result of the German elections is unsatisfactory to an ominous degree. The electorate was divided into a multiplicity of parties or factions, and of course the new Reichstag will be similarly divided. No one party comes anywhere near to having a majority. The Government must therefore look to a combination or coalition to support it. The sequel will be, unstable equilibrium, and frequent crises; with incessant compromises, huckstering, and corruption. What Germany needs is a rational two-party system, such as has long and beneficently prevailed in Great Britain and the United States. France learned the lesson years ago. But it would be unreasonable to expect Germany to be as enlightened and as competent in the art of democratic government as France, Great Britain and America.

The long-drawn-out uncertainty, not to say agony, over the action of the Supreme Court upon the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution, is ended at last. On every point the court has decided in favor of the Amendment and the enforcement law, thus destroying the last hope of the "wets." The decision is manifestly the death-blow to whatever lingering remnants of State Rights still were in existence. It also reverses the English Dictionary, giving to "concurrent" a meaning which no lexicographer ever dreamed of. It is much to be regretted that the Court took the unusual course of announcing merely its decision, with-

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out disclosing the train of thought and argument which led thereto. Such disclosure would afford an interesting study in mental processes. It should also serve to reconcile citizens to a law which many of them regard with aversion. The secrecy which is maintained concerning it has the opposite and most unfortunate effect of strengthening aversion toward the law and causing people to obey it under protest.

Something like another crisis in the railroad transportation system was precipitated by the sudden going on strike of thousands of locomotive engineers and firemen in the Pittsburgh region, as a protest against the delay of the new Federal Railroad Labor Board in getting to work and doing the things which the men wanted done. This aggravated the congestion of freight traffic, which had already become acute, and threatened disastrous results. The railroads appealed to the Government for relief, and the Government responded with drastic orders and threats or promises of others still more drastic, under the new railroad law. Meantime, the expert assessors and statisticians of the Interstate Commerce Commission report that instead of being overcapitalized, and has so often been charged, the railroads of the country are in fact greatly under-capitalized. Their actual physical value is more than two billions greater than the face value and more than six billions more than the current market value of all their bonds and stock.

The President has resumed some of his official functions, including that of the personal reception of foreign Ambassadors and Ministers. Also, he has accepted the invitation of the Powers to undertake the task of delimiting Armenia. In this work he will not, apparently, have a free hand, but will have to define boundaries within the limits already set by France and Great Britain in their assumption of control of surrounding regions. Since the advice or consent of no other department of the Government was given or asked, and since therefore no responsibility for the decision rests upon the Government, Mr. Wilson must be regarded as having accepted the commission in his private capacity as a distinguished American citizen, and not in his official capacity as President. It was his earnest desire to accept the mandate for the complete tutelage of Armenia which the Powers offered, and he requested permission to do so,

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which the Senate by an overwhelming majority refused to give him. The acceptance of the mandate would confessedly have meant going to war with two or three European countries, expenditure of many hundreds of millions, and the employment of an army of scores of thousands of men. It would also have made us subject to the League of Nations, a body which we have decided not to become a member of; at least on present terms.

Irish affairs have seemed to be going from bad to worse. Mr. Asquith's proposal for a single Parliament for the whole of Ireland was rejected at Westminster by a decisive majority, and Mr. Lloyd George has persisted in his efforts to frame a measure which will satisfy Irish aspirations for self-rule without separating the island from the United Kingdom, and which will reassure Ulster without separating it from the rest of Ireland. His offers of concessions have not checked the violent activity of Sinn Fein, and murder, arson and other crimes have greatly multiplied. British labor organizations have vainly sent appeals to their Irish colleagues to maintain order, and the British Government has felt constrained to send reenforcements of troops, to establish a system of blockhouses similar to that used in South Africa in the Boer war, and to send a strong detachment of the navy to Irish waters. Persistent efforts are continued to enlist American sympathies in behalf of Irish independence, and these have been so far successful as to elicit from the President, through the Secretary of State, an intimation that a Congressional declaration in favor of recognizing the "Irish Republic" would not be displeasing to him. Congress, however, properly and wisely declined to take such action.

All authentic reports from Russia, including official statements of the Soviet government, are to the effect that something like economic chaos prevails throughout that country, bringing disaster and death to the people. At the same time the military zeal of the Bolshevists is not abated. Declaring that the welfare of Russia requires that Poland shall be broken down, Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky have been sending large armies to the southwestern border, with boasts that Warsaw will be captured and the Polish government overthrown. Other armies have been dispatched to

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the southeast, for the invasion and conquest of Persia and thereafter the similar invasion of British India. This latter menace has been taken so seriously in England that Mr. Lloyd George welcomed a Bolshevist delegation, headed by Gregory Krassine, to London, held a cordial conference with it, and agreed to resume complete trade relations with Soviet Russia, on condition that the latter power ceases aggressions in Persia and toward India. This extraordinary action of the British Government has met with much disfavor in France, where the Government not merely refuses to follow the example of Great Britain in trading with Bolshevists but also explicitly objects to Russia's paying to England any of the gold which should come to France in payment of Russia's enormous debt to that country. Because of this objection it is announced that the renewed trade between Great Britain and Russia will consist solely of barter. The United States Government, it is pleasant to record, agrees with France, and will sanction the sale of no goods to Great Britain for transhipment to Soviet Russia. Indications are unmistakable that the chief object of Russia in seeking trade is not the relief of the people from the distress which undoubtedly prevails but rather the strengthening of the Bolshevist armies for prosecuting their wars of conquest against neighboring states.

A consortium of four powers, France, Great Britain, Japan and the United States, has at last been formed, for loaning China a sum of not less than fifty and not more than two hundred and fifty millions, for railroads, mines and other works of economic development. This achievement, which promises to be beneficent, is a sequel to the negotiations of eight or nine years ago, when attempts were made to form a six power consortium, comprising the present four powers and also Germany and Russia. The obstacles which then proved fatal to the scheme were two-fold. One was the unwillingness of the United States to let Japan and Russia have the special privileges in the matter which they desired. The other was the unwillingness of China to admit foreign dictation or control over her expenditure of the funds loaned. In the present case it is understood that these obstacles have been surmounted. The United States and Japan have come to an agreement relative to the latter country's "special interests" in some provinces of China,

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and the urgency of her needs has constrained China to accept a loan with the same degree of foreign supervision that has hitherto been exercised. It is probable that the economic advancement of China will be promoted, but the principle of the Open Door and Equality of Opportunity, to which the United States once secured the adhesion of the world, will scarcely be confirmed.

Memorial or Decoration Day was marked this year with two features of unprecedented interest, which are likely, however, to be repeated hereafter. One was the invitation which some Grand Army posts extended to Confederate veterans to unite with them in the commemoration. Such action was finely significant of the restoration of our national unity. We have said that it was unprecedented. Yet there was a certain suggestion of it in the very first decoration of graves of Civil War soldiers, before the establishment of the regular annual custom. At that time, we are told, Southern women placed flowers upon the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers alike. If that was done more than fifty years ago, while the passions of the war were still fresh and hot, it is surely fitting for the few remaining survivors of both armies to march together and together to pay tribute to the memory of fallen comrades. The other feature was, of course, the very impressive commemoration of the day in France, where American flags were placed upon the graves of more than 70,000 American soldiers, and addresses of moving eloquence were made by the Prime Minister and by the Marshals of France. All these addresses were in the excellent taste which almost invariably marks important public utterances in that country, and one of them, that of Marshal Petain, was worthy of immortal record as an expression of the sentiment of France toward America and toward the American dead who slumber in her soil.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S DESPATCHES. Edited by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Boraston, O. B. E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

In general, when we think of the great war, we are chiefly impressed by its heroic aspect—by the unspeakable sufferings and the marvellous courage of the Allied soldiers and by the greatness of the cause for which they fought. There is, however, another way of looking at the war, a way scarcely inferior in human interest to the one just mentioned. In Sir Douglas Haig's despatches, victory is outlined as a military achievement. In reading these pages one realizes, perhaps for the first time, the immensity of the co-ordinated effort by which the right was made to prevail; and one sees the victory as something huge, substantial, and majestic—a prodigious human accomplishment. Just as one may be awed and uplifted by gazing upon certain buildings that seem too great to have been built by human hands, so as one takes the measure of the British campaigns in France and Flanders and realizes that these were, after all, but a part of the whole struggle, one is filled with wonder, and one gains a new respect for human nature.

Sir Douglas Haig assumed the Chief Command of the British forces in the West on December 19, 1915. His first despatch, which covers the period from December to May, gives one a lively conception of what were called in this war "local operations." The conflicts around St. Eloi and elsewhere, though they included "no great incident of historic importance," amounted to "a steady, continuous fight, day and night, above ground and below it." The local actions, omitting the more minor raids, numbered more than sixty. Thus, while the French were withstanding the great German offensive against Verdun, the British Army was by no means inactive. Besides harassing the enemy, it carried out with complete success the somewhat risky operation of relieving the French troops on a considerable portion of their defensive front.

The first of July saw the beginning of the Great Wearing-out Battle —the struggle on the Somme. As the "wearing-out" theory has been much discussed and was at one time not a little criticized, Sir Douglas Haig's remarks about this first phase are of especial interest. "Verdun had been relieved; the main German forces had been held on the Western front; and the enemy's strength had been very considerably worn down. Any one of these three results is in itself sufficient to justify the Somme battle. The attainment of all three of them affords ample

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compensation for the splendid efforts of our troops and for the sacrifices made by ourselves and our allies. They have brought us a long step forward towards the final victory of the Allied Cause." That by such strategy, victory was brought nearer, despite the intervention of powerful German attacks with consequent loss of territory; is made clear enough by the details of the whole story. There was no time, of course, at which complete success might have been achieved by a single brilliant stroke. In a scientific war, what counted was the ultimate total effect upon the enemy.

As the British advance progressed, four-fifths of the total number of German divisions engaged on the Western front were thrown, one after another, into the batttle, some of them twice, and some three times. The enemy's power of resistance was seriously diminished, and it was only by virtue of the great depth of their defences and the frequent reliefs which their resources in men enabled them to effect that the German commanders were able to rally and reorganize their troops after each defeat. These important results were attained, so far as the British forces were concerned, with troops the vast majority of whom had been raised and trained during the war, and many of whom gained in the Somme battle their first experience of war. These soldiers, with the efficient aid of the artillery, assaulted and captured positions " far more formidable in many respects than the most famous fortresses in history."

The moral effect of all this was very great. " The enemy's power has not yet been broken," wrote Sir Douglas on December 23, 1916, " nor is it yet possible to form an estimate of the time the war may last before the objects for which the Allies are fighting have been attained. But the Somme battle has placed beyond doubt the ability of the Allies to gain those objects. The Germany Army is the mainstay of the Central Powers, and a full half of that Army, despite all the advantages of the defensive, supported by the strongest fortifications, suffered defeat on the Somme this year."

No small part of the fruits of the Somme victory was realized during the following winter, when the enemy, despite a season of unusual severity, was forced back by means of methodical assaults to the Hindenburg Line.

The campaigns of 1917 form an important and deeply interesting chapter in the history of the war. Nowhere else is the strategy of attrition more fully illustrated, its methodical effectiveness more convincingly proved, or its arduousness more clearly shown. In brief, a long, uphill fight against superior numbers resulted in a net gain for the Allies—a gain that was an essential factor in the final success, though during the critical period of the spring of 1918, all that had been previously achieved might seem to have been lost. The general attack at Arras was launched on the 9th of April. At the end of six days' fighting the British had rolled their front four miles farther east and had taken possession of all the dominating features that the Commander in Chief considered it desirable to hold before transferring the bulk of his resources to the north. This, however, was not enough. A necessary part of the preparations for the attack in the north was the maintenance of activity on the Arras front sufficient to keep the enemy in doubt as to whether the offensive there would be followed up. Feint

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attacks were made, and on at least one occasion dummy men were raised above the trenches by ropes. These measures met with such success that the Germans frequently reported the bloody repulse of extensive British attacks which in fact never took place. Meanwhile, the French delivered their attack upon the Chemin des Dames, achieving all their immediate objects.

The campaign in the north included the attack upon the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge—a unique feature of which was the explosion of nineteen deep mines at the moment of assault—and the third Ypres battle. Though the full results of each success were not always obtained, the fault would appear to lie with the conditions and not with the general staff or with the fighting men. "Time after time," writes Sir Douglas, "the practically beaten enemy was enabled to reorganize and relieve his men and to bring up reinforcements behind the sea of mud which constituted his main protection." Other circumstances made the task of the British and French Armies far harder than had been anticipated. Italy could not be ready in time to co-operate at the beginning of the offensive launched on the Western front, and before that offensive was over, unfortunate developments had greatly weakened the Allied forces in the Italian theatre. Nevertheless, the efforts put forth in the summer of 1917 were, on the narrowest estimate, far from futile. The British Army had participated in an offensive action longer and more successfully sustained than any previous campaign of the war. They were, as usual, outnumbered by their opponents. "In the operations of Arras, Messines, Lens, and Ypres, as many as 131 German divisions were engaged and defeated by less than half that number of British divisions." In the whole campaign, the British took 57,696 prisoners, including 1,290 officers. They captured 393 guns, including 109 heavies, 561 trench mortars, 1,976 machine guns.

It is always to be borne in mind, moreover, that the decisions of the Commander-in-Chief were necessarily influenced by considerations broader than those that are generally called strategic. Right action could be determined upon only after a survey of a vast situation. On the other hand, no extensive sacrifice was made for the broader reasons alone. On the whole, Sir Douglas Haig seems to have been fully justified in writing, near the end of his despatch of December 25, 1917: "Without reckoning the possibilities which have been opened up by our territorial advance in Flanders, and without considering the effect which a less vigorous prosecution of the war might have had in other theatres, we have every reason to be satisfied with the results which have been achieved by the past year's fighting. The addition of strength which the enemy has obtained, or may yet obtain, from events in Russia and Italy has already largely been discounted, and the ultimate destruction of the enemy's field forces has been brought appreciably nearer."

Particular interest attaches to the Cambrai operations, carried on during November and December, 1917, because of the omission of artillery preparation in the opening attack, the completeness with which the enemy was taken by surprise, and, particularly, the employment, upon a large scale, of tanks. This exploit, of course, aroused great hope at the time. If we were somewhat disappointed in the result, it

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is well to remember two things: first, that no commander can be omniscient, and second, that it was not expected that the war could be ended by a single bold stroke. Very significant in the light of the detailed story of the attack is Sir Douglas Haig's declaration: "I am of opinion that on the 20th and 21st of November we went very near to a success sufficiently complete to bring the realization of our full programme within our power."

The world will not soon forget the strain of anxiety experienced during the early months of 1918, while the United States was still preparing and the Germans were using to the full the advantage they had gained by the Russian collapse. Of course, the Allied Command had made every effort to be ready for the expected attack. But the shift from an offensive to a defensive position was by no means easy to make. Not only positions but men had to be got ready. The necessity of maintaining front-line positions and of constructing new lines on ground recently captured from the enemy had almost precluded the building up of defensive positions in the rear. Moreover, the men had been trained almost exclusively for attack—a serious difficulty under the conditions of modern warfare. The Germans advanced on the 21st of March in overwhelming force, over a front of fifty-four miles, which was extended on the 28th to sixty-three miles. In all, at least sixty-four divisions, a number considerably exceeding that of the entire British Army in France, took part in the first day's battle. These were opposed by twenty-nine infantry divisions and three cavalry divisions, of which nineteen infantry divisions were in line. It soon became evident that the enemy had thrown practically his whole striking force upon this one front. Additional British reserves were therefore hurried to the battle sector as rapidly as possible; but the total number of British divisions used in the second Somme battle at no time exceeded forty-nine. In the Lys battle, prior to the 30th of April, the enemy engaged against the British forces a total of forty-two divisions, of which thirty-three were fresh and nine had fought previously on the Somme. Against these forty-two divisions twenty-five British divisions were employed, of which eight were fresh and seventeen had taken a prominent part in the Somme battle.

Although at the end of April, 1918, the German onrush had been stemmed, the situation was still critical. It was evident that the enemy would make one more attempt to win the war before the arrival of large forces of Americans should make that object forever impossible of attainment. There followed, therefore, a somewhat anxious period of "active defence." It is well to remember that though the Allied line had not been broken, the strain of the defence had approached the breaking point, and that the enemy, before Amiens and Hazebrouck had come within a short distance of strategic points of great importance. His superiority in force was still great enough to enable him to keep the initiative. A complete change, however, was effected by the collapse of the ambitious enemy offensive launched on the 15th of July and by the success of the Allied counter-offensive south of the Aisne. After the brilliant success at Amiens, the British Armies advanced without a check from one victory to another. So great was the demoralization of the enemy that the British, though still numerically inferior to their adversaries, carried all before them. When the

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Armistice brought a halt, the German defences were so disorganized that nothing short of a cessation of hostilities could have prevented an advance into Germany.

"The strategic plan of the Allies," writes Sir Douglas Haig, "had been realized with a completeness rarely seen in war."

For those desirous of studying the war as a military event, these despatches furnish information of remarkable clearness and precision. The splendid series of very large and detailed maps which accompanies the volume, not only enables one to follow each detail of every struggle, but appeals to the imagination. Not only cities and rivers and forest and hills are shown, but windmills and farmhouses that for a time had a possible tactical importance, are indicated. Thus, one is able in imagination to place himself upon the actual battlefield.

But most of all the despatches produce the conviction that while the result of the war was by no means a foregone conclusion, the outcome, after the first German drive at Paris had been checked, was never really in doubt, provided only the Allied forces could be supplied with sufficient reserves and with sufficient material. The progress of the war seems at once methodical and fateful. There was a certain margin for mistakes, and some mistakes, doubtless, were made; but the great conclusion must be that the fund of intelligence and skill and courage outside the Central Empires was far more than enough to defeat the Teutonic plans of world dominion. Any lingering idea that the Germans had at any time anything like a monopoly of efficiency is wholly unjustified.

To read other war books and not to read such a book as this would be a mistake. One needs the large view of the war as well as the details of the fighting as seen by the soldier, and if one had to choose between the two views, one would do well to remember that while neither is complete without the other, the larger view is, on the whole, nearer the truth.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S OWN STORY. By his Eminence, D. J. Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. New York: George H. Doran Company.

On October 17, 1918, when the German Government in Belgium knew that its days were numbered, Baron von der Lancken, in the name of the Governor General and of the Berlin Government, handed to Cardinal Mercier a communication which read in part as follows:

"You are in our estimation the incarnation of occupied Belgium, of which you are the venerated and trusted pastor. For this reason it is to you the Governor General and my government also have commissioned me to come and to announce that when we evacuate your soil we wish to hand over to you unasked and of our own free will the political prisoners serving their time either in Belgium or in Germany, as well as those who have been deported."

Has any other man ever received such a tribute from the irreconcilable opponents of all that he held good and dear?

Cardinal Mercier was in very truth "the soul of Belgian resistance." He was more; for he spoke for all civilization against Kultur. Though zeal for the right and love of humanity were his leading

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motives, he seemed as if striving continually to express with the clearness that is necessary alike in morals and in history the fundamental issues that lay between Germany and downtrodden Belgium. Statesmanlike in his grasp, he speaks as if consciously acting as the mouthpiece of that great public opinion that existed everywhere outside the German spheres of influence. Consequently in this public aspect, he appears to belong not exclusively to one nation or to one religion, but to all mankind. He stands forward as a great world figure, in which all may find their ideals of right and justice truthfully represented.

In no way could the Cardinal have expressed more satisfactorily for us the true situation in which he found himself and the truth of the things for which he stood than by doing just what he has done in his book—that is, by giving us exact reproductions of his correspondence with the officers of the Government of occupation and of his own public utterances. The letters exchanged between the Cardinal and the somewhat well-meaning von der Goltz, the contentious and ethically purblind von Bissing, the philosophic and sophistical von der Lancken, the obtuse and brutal von Falkenhausen, uncover the true nature of the hateful German régime in Belgium; they vividly picture the German mentality, and strikingly contrast two different and irreconcilable points of view.

The subjects with which the correspondence dealt varied in superficial importance. But in every case the value of the protest is essentially the same, because the Cardinal invariably succeeded, despite all beclouding sophistries, in isolating the truth and setting it forth with dazzling clearness. From the denial of religious privileges to Belgian prisoners to the deportation of Belgian young men to Germany and the subtle attempt to kill the soul of Belgium by "administrative partition," there is, apparently, not a single abuse against which he failed to raise his voice, not a single case in which he was forced to retreat from the stand which he had originally taken.

The difference between the German official view and the truth as the unmilitarized world sees it may be strikingly illustrated by confronting an argument of von Bissing's with a statement of the Cardinal's. The subject under discussion was "the patriotic action of the priests."

"Be impartial enough, my Lord Cardinal, to respect our patriotic feelings, you who not only pay homage to the patriotic demonstrations of the clergy and people of Belgium in general, but encourage them in circumstances which are of a nature to create intolerable situations. . . . I feel bound, in order to avoid misunderstandings which might easily have unpleasant consequences for those concerned, to make the following statement: During the occupation the only legal political power in the occupied territory is what I exercise. To this power alone is obedience due and not to the king of the Belgians and his government, whose power in the occupied territory is in fact and in law extinct. Should this obedience be not willingly given, I am then compelled to exact it by enforcement of the German penal laws."

This is good debating. It is excellent wrangling within the limits of a narrow issue. It is good legally; in fact, it is law against right. Adhering to this point of view, the Governor General is at last constrained to reveal the full odiousness of the theory for which he stands. Might

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is right, and the right of might will be enforced not only upon the bodies but upon the minds of the Belgian people by means of "the German penal laws."

Here is the Cardinal's case:

"In spite of the military occupation of a great part of her provinces, our Belgian fatherland has not ceased to be of right an autonomous, sovereign nation. Our respect and love for the soil and for our Belgian liberties are then for all of us an honor and a duty. To realize this honor and to preach this duty forms part of the clergy's social mission. In these troubled times in which we live each soul has a right to ask of his pastor: What is my duty? Who represents in my case authority? What have I to do to render to God the things that are God's and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's?"

Similarly, in every case, with high serenity, with shrewd understanding of the opposing point of view, with legal acumen, the Cardinal finds and impartially states the essential issue.

Could anything more accurately describe *la mentalité Allemande* than the little lecture with which Cardinal Mercier concluded a remarkable conversation with Mgr. Mittendorf? "Our interview," said the Cardinal, "is coming to an end, Monsignor; let me draw from it one conclusion. You Germans, after many months of occupation, have not yet got to know the Belgians. Among you, a general commands, and automatically every one obeys. Here with us, good sense, regard for higher interests, interprets the order and dictates our conduct. External regulations are meant, no doubt, for every one; and it is in this sense that I have acknowledged them as the Governor General reminds me in his letter. But every one applies them with a due regard for different contingencies and the obligations which they entail."

The official German point of view was often logical and at the same time almost unimaginable. Who but a Prussian bureaucrat would have supposed, as von Falkenhausen did, that he might save himself all manner of trouble by simply announcing on his arrival in Belgium that he refused to discuss with Cardinal Mercier any questions not directly connected with religion. This would have barred all discussion of such outrages as the attempted "administrative partition." But to divorce religion and ethics is thoroughly Prussian.

Almost to the last, hateful exactions continued. Even as late as July 7, 1918, the Cardinal had to write: "The odiousness of these repeated requisitions takes our breath away. But when the heart-rending appeals of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in favor of the aged under their care . . . came to my ears, I was under the impression, quite wrongly, as I see now, that the distress of these saintly women and the fate that awaits their charges would evoke feelings of sympathy, but, alas, for the sad searing of conscience brought about by militarism!"

It was a question of mattresses!

And then, after all this, the final recognition of moral greatness in the Cardinal! How is it to be understood unless there was really a marked difference of character between the civil and the military government of Germany?

Every one who reads this book will feel that he has come in contact with a really great personality, and will be the better for the feel-

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ing. To draw a comparison that may seem at first sight remote, Cardinal Mercier in the benignity of his character, in that practical wisdom that protects one from the deceits of the worldly, and most of all in a superior power of discerning and stating fundamental issue, reminds one of our own Abraham Lincoln.

The story of Belgium, in which the Cardinal is the dominant figure, is as fascinating, in one aspect, as *The Pilgrim's Progress.* Mr. Worldly Wiseman, for instance, and Mr. Legality are there; and so is Apollyon. The Cardinal's book, too, like Bunyan's classic, is almost as good a story for the young as it is for the old. Fortunate the child or youth who in learning something about the tragic events of these latter years, catches an admiration for really great character.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sir Philip Gibbs—who was one of the men sent without military passports to report events in France soon after the outbreak of the war, and who was afterwards an officially recognized war correspondent—has written a book which, however unpleasant it may be, is to all appearances both truthful and sincere. Its truthfulness is its greatest virtue; for what we call sincerity is often nothing more than a kind of incontinence of feeling; but a really truth-telling book is a thing of great value. In this case, the author pictures the harrowing realities of war in their painful reality, without sensationalism and without even a touch of the vain pride of the realist in producing a great effect by means of a plain tale. He uses neither the camouflage of humor nor the veil of an impersonal or technical style to hide the pitifulness of the facts; he does not divert attention from horror by praise of gallantry. He does not attempt to conceal the fact that he is a normally sensitive human being and that shocking things shock him.

There is food for thought, too, in what Sir Philip says about the after-effects of the brutal struggle. He is not the first to remind us that you cannot teach men to fight without teaching them to hate, and that hate is more easily roused than exorcised; but he has more than the usual array of facts with which to support his statements. True, one suspects him of being slightly hyperbolical when he says, concerning Great Britain, that "ruin, immense, engulfing, annihilating to our strength as a nation, and as an empire, stares us brutally in the face"; but when he points to the increase of crime—and crime of a particularly atrocious and disgusting nature—in England and elsewhere, he makes an impression.

This book of Sir Philip's, then, is in more ways than one worth while. If there are any jingoes left in the world—any persons who would desire to precipitate another great war, or to enter one for any reasons less cogent than those which brought the United States somewhat tardily to the side of the Allies on the battlefields of France—the reading of such a record as this ought to make them feel ashamed of themselves. If there are any persons so dull and unimaginative that they cannot figure to themselves what the harrowing of France and Belgium and the annihilation of the British expeditionary force meant

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in terms of individual pain and sorrow and of nastiness and horror and pity and the abomination of desolation, they should be greatly enlightened by a perusal of this book. Sir Philip has written with considerable skill, and without offense, for eyes that ordinarily do not see anything beyond the printed page.

In several ways, however, the book is somewhat unsatisfactory. Its tone, one may say, is not that of well-balanced thinking or of altogether unbiassed criticism; it does not wholly convince. If the author had avoided the appearance of temperamental or professional bias in cases in which doubtless it does not exist, he might have made a stronger impression.

Against English officers in general, the author is somewhat bitter. The High Command wasted the lives of their men, and were very unappreciative of war correspondents. There is a kind of ludicrous incongruity between the two parts of the indictment. "I know an officer who was awarded the D. S. O. because he had hindered the work of war correspondents with the zeal of a hedge sparrow in search of worms." The language, on the part of one who elsewhere issues solemn warnings in an elevated style, strikes one as not being sufficiently measured. "What mainly was wrong with our generalship was the system which put the high command into the hands of a group of men belonging to the old school of war, unable by reason of their age and traditions, to get away from rigid methods and to become elastic in face of new conditions." Seen from the trenches the British generalship no doubt seemed exceedingly bad. There were mistakes; there was needless loss of life. But is it fair to take almost exclusively the point of view of the man in the trenches who knew little or nothing about the progress of the campaign or even of the particular battle in which he was concerned. It seems, one must say less just than humanitarian. It is probably perfectly natural that the officer who was the most considerate and intelligent in his dealings with war correspondents should have been also "the organizing brain of the Second Army." Both facts are probably beyond dispute; one can only say that if one were Sir John Harrington, one would rather that these two tributes had not been made in quite so close a conjunction. Thus a certain want of tact, a seeming want of moderation, diminishes somewhat the effect of Sir Philip's somewhat powerful book.

Furthermore, one cannot rid oneself of the feeling that Sir Philip leans somewhat toward the pacifist fallacy. His final statement, to be sure, is sound enough. "The devil in Germany had to be killed. There was no other way, except by helping the Germans to kill it before it mastered them. Now let us exorcise our own devils and get back to kindness toward all men of good will." Nor would the author's frank confession that in the early days of the war he at times desired "peace-at-almost-any-price, peace by negotiation, by compromise, that the river of blood might cease to flow" detract at all from the strength of his book, were it not that the tone of the whole seems somehow to instill, not only by fact, but by suggestion, a peace-at-any-price mood. War is as bad as bad can be, but a kind of temperamental inability to reconcile oneself to the idea of war for any cause, however clearly the mind realizes the justice of fighting in the particular instance, would seem to be unfortunate. At least, so long as there is

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potential evil in this world, there must exist in sound human nature the power to do whatever is necessary to put down that evil without much flinching or crawling of the flesh. "Often," writes the author, "I was unfair, bitter, unbalanced, wrong." The confession is disarming, but not reassuring.

A war-sick world cannot be much helped by disquisitions on the horrors of war. There is little curative effect in a simple revulsion of feeling; often the revulsion seems simply to do little more than prepare for a resurgence of the original impulses. What we need is constructive suggestion rather than insistence upon the past and an effort to retain the lesson of that past in the form of outraged feeling. The real value of the book lies in this: that the facts will prove instructive to another generation.

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